

WILL YOU DENY YOURSELF? Self-Denial Week,
MAY 25th to 31st, inclusive.

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 30

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, APRIL 26, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner

Price, 5 Cents.



SAVE THE CHILDREN!

(See the Commissioner's article, p. 9.)

Ekamshum— Lessons from an Indian Legend.

By ADJ. R. SMITH.

HOW the Zimshams (natives of the north coast of British Columbia) portrayed the devil's character will be seen by the following story.

The devil cut down a big cedar tree, and was making it into a canoe. One day while working at it, chipping



it out with an adze (the Zimshams made their own adzes from hard flint stones) a deer came near to the place, and when the devil saw the animal he called for it to come nearer, but the deer answered him "No," being afraid of the adze Satan held in his hand.

Thereupon, the devil used words more subtle, and said, "Come close to me, and don't be afraid, for you are one of my best friends." Then the deer came closer. But the devil wasn't satisfied. "Come closer still," said he. The poor deer came quite near to him. Immediately the devil took his adze and struck the deer in the head and killed it.

Thus we see that even before the Gospel of Jesus Christ was preached to these people, they had quite a conception of the power of the devil, and of his deadly work upon his victims.

How much we do see and know of the same plausible acts and works of Satan, ever tempting and enticing men and women to destruction.

He is the same liar, the same heartless fiend, the same cruel tyrant, and the same glib-tongued and deceitful enemy of man. His work is to destroy righteousness, and the work and image of God in man; to rob from God that which has been redeemed by the precious blood of Jesus Christ.

The convicted and pardoned soul, made wise through the light and help of the Holy Spirit, can be able to discern the temptations of the evil one, so that while walking in the light and faithful to duty, it is kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.

The soldier of Jesus Christ needs to trust, and that daringly, in the power of God, and to encourage himself in the fact that God loves him and delights in him. Much patience is required in temptation and in conflict with the devil. We must—

"Cast to the winds our fears,
Hope and be undismayed;
He sees our hope, He knows our fears,
And shall lift up our head."

For patient, daring trust in God carries the soul on to victory, and lures temptation at its feet, filling the soul with much assurance and joy. Peace and hope fill the soul and make it to glorify God for such victory and triumph.

Many would be saved from being wrecked if they would give more time to their soul's needs. It is sad to see those who once triumphed over the devil, deceived, deflected, and wrecked.

The eternal destiny of man is a serious business, not to be trifled with or considered of no account, but of the greatest importance.

We should not consider the devil as a play-toy, or as a harmless thing, but as the enemy of all righteousness, as one sworn to our destruction, either trying to lead us astray by angelic light, or hellish darts.

Some seem to say they don't believe in a devil. Who, then, carries on such devilish work? The Bible is very strong on his character, and shows him up as the father of liars, and the one who sowed "tares," or sin, in the world, and as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour. In the Word he is painted in his true colors.

We have an armor we can put on that will enable us to withstand all the fiery darts of the devil. Hallelujah!

A LETTER FROM ONE OF OUR COMRADES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

I am glad to be able to write these few lines to the War Cry. I am now on out-post duty, but leaving this for a little while I will speak to my fellow-officers and soldiers under the dear old flag of the great war among the soldiers of our King and country. I am



Our Missionary Fields.

JAVA.

Reference has been made before to the appointment of Major and Mrs. Glover to Java, but we are sure that the following, with the accompanying photograph, will be of special interest to our readers, as the Major and his devoted wife are so well known in Canada.

"Are you going down to see Major Glover off?" inquired a lady of the reporter as we journeyed by train to Port Melbourne, on Friday, February 21st.

On replying that this was our intention, she continued, "I was so afraid I would be too late to see them. Mrs. Glover has done a lot for my family, and she will be very much missed here." This unsolicited testimony, coming from an unknown friend, spoke eloquently of the worth and character of our departing comrade, and we heartily re-echoed the sentiment in regard to Major and Mrs. Glover—"they will be missed."

Arriving at the wharf nearly an hour before the advertised time of sailing—two o'clock—Major Glover was found mounting guard over a host of cases, boxes, and trunks, of all shapes and sizes, all labelled, "Salvation Army Party, Java." While the luggage was being hoisted on board by half a dozen

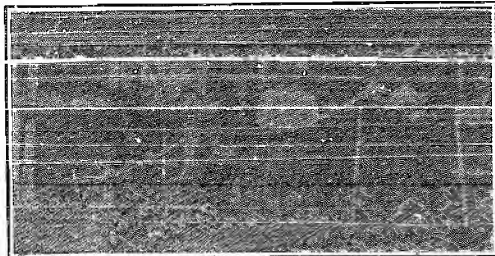
Copper-Colored Indian Natives

we took a brief survey of the vessel which, for the next three weeks, is to be the home of our missionary comrades.

The Argus, a large, solid-looking steamer, is designed especially for the Eastern trade, there being accommodated for only a few passengers. We cabins allotted to the party, one of which was quite a large room—for a ship. On every hand we met the dark-skinned natives of the East, and found the German, cook, deck hands, sailors—In fact, the whole crew—belong to India, and Major Glover will have ample opportunity to commence his missionary operations on the spot. The steamer was conveying about 150 horses to Java for the Dutch Government, and the varied conduct of the animals, as they were pulled or pushed on board, afforded considerable amusement to the Salvationists who had now begun to gather on the wharf and steamer. We heard several Headquarters dignitaries discussing in quite an

Approved and Expert Fashion

on the various points that mark good horsemanship, and commenting not too favorably on many of the horses as they appeared in the long rows on each side of the ship.



A Farewell Glimpse of Major and Mrs. Glover.

fighting for King Edward VII., and will give my life, it needs be.

I am glad that by giving my service two precious souls have been won for the King of Kings. I played the cornet for the services on the boat, and find that my guitar comes in useful for my own meetings. I had two meetings, both of which God crowned and blessed. Two precious souls gave themselves to God. He is pleased. He would not bless. This letter is written under difficulties. God bless you, comrades.—Capt. Stokess.

A few days ago, a slim soldier, in full uniform, was walking along a dingy East End street, where, as is characteristic of the slums, a great many children and young people were playing in the roadway. One little group of crown-up girls came fairly attracted the soldier's attention, and just as he approached, a girl, about seventeen years of age, uttered a terrible oath on being aggravated by one of her companions. While even in the act of saying more, the young woman turned her head, and saw that the Salvationist was passing her back as she swore, so, checking herself, and looking confused, she addressed the Salvationist:

"Oh, I beg your pardon!"

"Don't beg my pardon, my girl," replied the other: "beg people to be good."

"I am very sorry indeed that I used such language," continued the girl.

Here, then, is another instance of the uniform improving gin. Try it—Social Gazette.

The Blessings of Many Others

besides the unfortunates of the streets will follow her across the water.

The other members of the party—Capt. Haley, whose two years of office will help her in Java's fight; Lieut. Carter, the first missionary of the Commonwealth Contingent of Cadets; and Sergt. Brian, who goes to continue the loving and loyal service she has long rendered to Major and Mrs. Glover. All were imbued with the spirit which one of them evidenced, when, in conversation, she said, "I feel it is an honor to go to the mission field, and would not have dared to offer unless I felt God had called me." The Major's three children were quite happy and lively; for them it was as yet little more than the novelty of a long sea voyage and the fascinations of a new country that filled their young minds.

The last unwilling horse had been dragged on board, and the last box hoisted over the side, when

The Farewelling Party Grouped Together

on deck to allow a photo being taken by Adj. Knight. It was not until after four o'clock that the last shore-tide had been hauled on board by half a dozen snailing coolies, and the steamer began slowly to move away from the pier.

"God bless you all, comrades! we go to Java to try and get the people saved!" shouted the Major across the water. A ringing cheer from the wharf answered him, and then someone started the old song with which we have parted from so many comrades for other lands—"God be with you till we meet again."

The flutter of the white handkerchiefs faded into the distance, our hearts went up in prayer for the Army's latest missionary party, and then we turned back to the roar and rush of the city to face the opportunities that lie so thickly around us at home as well as abroad.—C. A. F.

THE UNIFORM REBUKED HER.

How Much Wickedness, We Wonder,
Has Our Army Uniform
Prevented?

What thrilling reading could be made were it possible to put on paper a record of what the Salvation Army uniform has accomplished? How much wickedness has it rechecked and prevented, we wonder? Only the Judgment Day will reveal it.

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To get a nice gloss on tablecloths or serviettes, etc., damp them a little and dry them under the iron.

A tin filled with vinegar placed at the back of the stove will prevent the smell of cooking going all over the house.

Leaves and grasses may be frosted by dipping them in a solution of gum-arabic, then sprinkling with powdered glass.

A Good Furniture Polish.—Mix equal parts of vinegar, turpentine, and linseed-oil, and rub on to the furniture with a piece of flannel, and afterwards polish with a soft rag.

Equal quantities of lime-water and sweet-oil beaten up together, make an excellent remedy for burns. A little ready mixed should always be kept in the house for immediate use.

An excellent mixture for chapped hands is to mix one ounce of glycerine, one ounce of rose water, and one ounce of lemon. Keep in a well-corked bottle, and rub on the hands when damp after washing.

To Utilize Mustard Left in the Cans.—Put the mustard in a wide-mouthed bottle till half full, with vinegar added; then fill up with grated horseradish, when you will have a spiciness sauce for either hot or cold roast beef.

When Ironing, if the iron is rough and sticks, and is difficult to work, sprinkle a little salt on the ironing-board and rub the iron well up and down on it. It will speedily make the iron smooth again, and prevent its sticking.

To Remove a Glass-topper, warm the bottle near a fire, then put a few drops of water on it, and the stopper will come out. Then knock the stopper out with a screwdriver, and it will speedily come out.

To Stiffen Stripes.—Put two cents' worth of gum-arabic into a little boiling water, and when dissolved brush it well into the stripes. Allow to dry slowly, and the hat will look as good as new. Should the straw be black, it will deepen the color by adding a small quantity of black ink.

Why Glass Globes Often Crack.—In fitting on globes, it is a common error to screw them on to the gas fixture as tightly as possible. This is a grave error, for if the globe has a small crack to expand, it will surely blow out the gas is lighted, and the globe will come hot. Many mysterious fires are due to too tight screws.

What the

By LIEUT.-COL.

(Conclude)

"Letters are links
Faithful hearts to
Petering mind to

THE next letter comes from a man and speaks of the way of transgression.

"Dear —: I am away soon, where, I can't say. I do think the

me pretty much I that I was deservin' is as dark as ever, I

waiting for something seems to me my strength I am almost unable

Just think of living three long years, and I to see any way out of

so unjust that one person alone—suffering is no whole existence is no

could only die and take me, I would gladly die then there is the other

what a pity there is! for these thoughts, pretty soon. Perhaps only talking foolishness

you I mean every word of my sorrow, but of it. I wish you could

clear; she is my only yet I feel condemned look at her sweet face

protect her from such mother had—it makes still when I think of

yet I feel condemned look at her sweet face protect her from such mother had—it makes still when I think of

this time, so I will hear from you soon, H—"

The next is of a very actor. It is from a many years, has been the Army and its work

the great and important boldness of heart. I are many whose experience

if my reader is not acceptance in the Bible will do as this friend accept by simple faith

a clean heart and a full life of full content. "I have been reading in the Christmas Cry

have written the truth "I believe it is to be birthright of all God I am sure many of the

the shade and the fear, perhaps from the training, and some, inconsistency they have who have preached a

consecrated life. "When I first heard boldness preached, I went home and said, 'I

lady visiting our town—should be immediate she is too good for only fit for heaven—

could turn back the and find it, page by chapter, clean. I the

sumption. Now I there are more needed here I remember once my

meeting just what article, that the success was due to the practice

of boldness, and so soon teaching that doctrine no further use."

He had raised his special work. He believed that it was a privilege of every

to be delivered to, and to be kept in power, pure in heart

cannot say. I believe it is the same else. Why I know a witness of the Holy

know, I desire it, as far as I know I am sure I know I am sure I know I am sure

with which you share "Here I am, my friends, and this is my soul's story. What a waste of

And what I did not as far as I know, my often I hear people

By **LIEUT.-COL. MRS. READ**, Secretary Women's Social Work.

(Concluded.)

"Letters are links that bind
Faithful hearts to each other,
Fettering mind to mind."

THE next letter in my basket comes from a poor young woman, and speaks more loudly than any sermon or exposition that "the way of transgressors is hard."

[illegible]

The new is of a very different character. It is from a friend who, for many years, has been a supporter of the Army and its work, who writes of the great and important subject of holiness of heart. I feel sure there are many whose experience is similar. If my reader is not confident of his acceptance in the Beloved, I trust he will do as this friend afterwards did, accept by simple faith the blessing of a clean heart and walk in the beautiful life of full consecration.

"I have been reading your article in the Christmas Cry. I am sure you have written the truth.

"I believe it to be, as you say, the birthright of all God's children, but I am sure many of them are 'living in the shade and the fog,' perhaps from fear, perhaps from former thought and training, and some, perhaps, from the inconsistency they have seen in others who have preached and professed the consecrated life.

"When I first heard the doctrine of holiness preached, I was shocked, and went home and said, 'That speaker'—a lady visiting our town from New York—'should be immediately translated; she is too good for this world, and only fit for heaven.' She had said she could turn back the book of her life and find it, page by page, chapter by chapter, clean. I thought it was pre-

assumption. Now I think such people are more needed here than in heaven. I remember once saying in an Army meeting just what you say in this article, that the success of the Army was due to the practice and preaching of holiness, and so soon as they stopped teaching that doctrine God would have

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
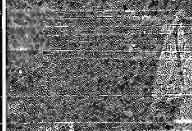
"Here I give myself to Thee,
Friendship and time, and earthly store
Soul and body Thine to be,
Whose's mine for evermore."

And when I did so, I meant it all, so far as I know my own heart. I have often heard people say, 'You have no

got it because you are not willing to surrender your all; you are holding back something, and you know what it is." That is not true in my case. There is never a day that I do not pray for it, but I cannot stand up and claim to be a possessor of it. I know that I am not, at least as I understand it."

Someone in the United States writes a long, personal letter, which bears upon the same subject, and shows the tender Providence which watches over God's people.

"No doubt you will be surprised to hear from me, _____, of St. John's Nfld. Of course, seeing so many people the last nine years, you will probably not remember Sergt. _____. I am his daughter who was married. _____ My poor husband took to drink, and I had to go to work. I have two little girls, one is seven and the other is four. The eldest one I had to leave in Canada when I left for the States. First I went to Boston and took my



"Therefore I say unto thee, Her sin is forgiven."
He said to the woman, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
Luke v. 47-50.

baby, who was only three months old. There I got a situation to do general housework, as it is the only place you can take a child. Now, as you see, am in the State of New Hampshire.

cook. I am with very nice people, but oh, so worldly! They do not think anything of Sunday. I have not a bit of chance to take my little one to meeting. The other little one that I left in II — boarding, I have not seen for three years. God pity me, my heart is almost broken. I know you know how to sympathize with me, you being a Christian mother. I know that my own dear mother would wish no other for me to ask advice of. I have for a long time been wishing to know where you were.

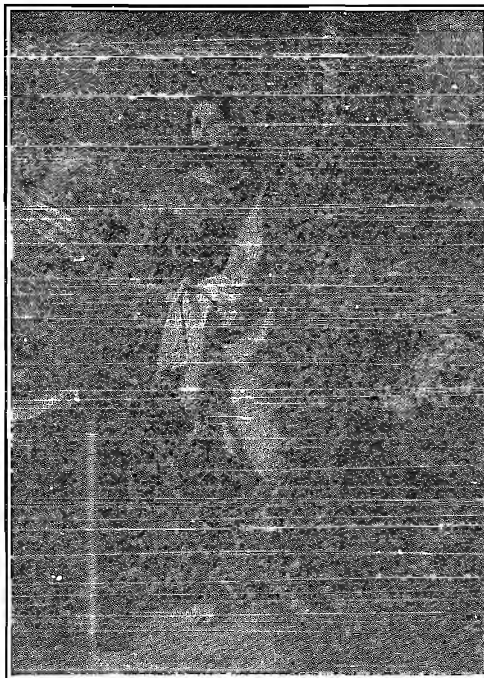
"I believe God sent me, through my sister, Capt. ———, the Christmas War Cry, and there I read your writing on 'Evidences of a Consecrated Life.' At first when I started to lead a Christian life, I did not do what God called me to do. Now, by hard experience, I have yielded my all to Him to do what He wants me to do. I shall never know happiness until

am working with God's people. My children burden me. I feel for their sakes I must have them together, where I will have them under a good influence, and keep them from the world as much as possible. Will you try to help me? God bless you. Hoping to hear from you."

The following is an appeal such as comes to us at the Women's Social Headquarters daily. It is from one of our dear Field Officers.

"There is a young girl, about eighteen years of age, who came to our penitentiary a short time ago. She has never known a mother's care all her life, and was turned on the streets at nine years. She now wants to be good, but no one here is willing to give her a chance: in fact the men and

boys around the town are doing their best to drag her down again, and we thought if we could only get her away from here for a while it would be best. Could you possibly take her into a Rescue Home for a while? She is a good worker, and you might be able to do something for her. Please let me know if you can take her. Praying that you may have every success in your work, I remain, Yours truly,
In the Master's service. — Ensign.



"Therefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which were many, are forgiven. And He said to the woman, Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace."—
Luke v. 47-50.

A pathetic pencilled note came next. It was handed to me by a poor girl in one of our Homes after I returned from a crowded meeting at the end of a physically-trying and exhaustive tour. It shows her appreciation of what was done for her, and

her anxiety to show her gratitude.

"I cannot let you go without having a few words with you. My whole thoughts are on you. How great is your work for fallen girls, and you work so hard for us. If I can only do something for God towards the Home! If I only was good and doing just only the Lord's will! I want to work only for the Home. I have no father, no mother, no sister, no brother, so this is my only home. Please

The last from which I will cull a extract is from a relative, an invalid in London, England, one of God's shut-in saints. She says—
"Your letter deserves a quicker re-

spouse, that Christmas is always a very busy and trying time in this house. It is generally a time of extra weakness, etc., on my part, owing to the cold and fog we get this time of year. I have often been sick several years, and each winter tries it a bit more, but it is only the physical strength that gets less, one's interest in the Father and Son does not lessen, but rather increases. Even my mind shrinks and sheltered corner, life seems so real and grand that I often wonder what it must be like to those who are not so sheltered. I do not like your own, for instance. Do you not come across much that is noble and divine-like even in the most degraded creatures? And isn't there something wonderful in the fact that I do not think it is at all strange, do you, that these poor alien and ogegrated brothers and sisters of ours do not feel and know that we are their Father and know that we are their Father? Although I cannot work among them I can pray that you may be filled more and more with His love and tenderness, and that He will bless your work more and more.

Truly, that is what is needed. All about us are hungry souls, craving the word of human sympathy and interest. We are like a brick extracted in preparation that someone who really needs it will be blessed. If you have a poor sick friend, whose life has few bright clouds in it, or some long-neglected friend, who has been almost forgotten by a written message from the reader of dear friend, pen those few lines which will bring comfort and encouragement. If some son or daughter sways from the path, write a light and cheering word. If some friend is in a sad, lonely, perhaps, in some remote home. The monotony of their quiet life will be more happily broken by a letter from you. Write your busy life in full and varied and engrossing interest, and two days slip away all too quickly for what you have to do, mother may be weary, father may be weary, the children straining their tired, faded eyes for a glimpse of the postman, and be disappointed when he shakes his head with a negative answer to her long letter. Write, my dear friends, for the lonely, the lonely, the perplexed, the tempted. Scatter in this way rays of enlightenment along the earthly pathway, they will lighten the gloom of your own life and brighten the lives of others.

MAKING THE OCEAN WORK FOR MAN.

To make the unruly ocean with its ponderous waves and resistless tides work for man is an old dream that has lured many inventors, yet the city of Santa Cruz, California, possesses a proof that this is not all a dream. For four years an efficient wave-motor has been working on the coast near the city, and at the edge of a rocky cliff fronted by deep and turbulent waves, one sight and the other five feet in diameter, were sunk into the rock, the foremost within five feet of the edge of the cliff, and the others directly behind it. These wells extend from a depth of thirty feet above high tide to a point below low tide. The bottom are connected by a horizontal tunnel with the ocean, so that the water stands in the wells at the same

In the well nearest the cliff-edge is a counterbalanced float, rising and falling with the swells of the sea. The second well contains the plunger of a force pump, working in a long pump barrel, and actuated by being connected with the rising and falling float.

In this way sea-water is forced on every down-stroke of the piston in the pump to a vertical height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, where it enters a five thousand gallon tank carried on a derrick sixty feet above the ground. From this tank it runs off to smaller tanks distributed along the roadsides over the surrounding country, where it is used for sprinkling.

The pump and the float are both carried by guides, supported by a derrick above the wells, and fastened to the end of a round timber sixty feet in length, which is counterbalanced at the butt and provided with wheels running on a short track, so that it can advance and recede as well as oscillate up and down, and thus the entire apparatus is kept in adjustment.

With the Red Knights AT RAT PORTAGE AND WINNIPEG.



THIRTY may not look an appetizing breakfast hour, but after a night on the cars, with the sharpening of a morning bright with a sunlit frost, it was the most welcome announcement in the world. Ensign Collett's cozy quarters, fresh and dainty as a new pin, with the Ensign herself escorting us into its warmth, and the smiling Lieutenant beaming on us from a promising background of steaming kettles and fragrant aromas, was like a little oasis after the desert of the night's journey. With the characteristic advance of knighthood, we took possession of the place, and laid siege to the breakfast.

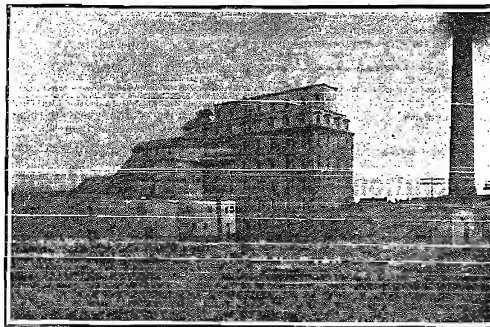
Rat Portage is a pretty place—even when looked at before breakfast—the picturesque arrangement of its hill-side dwellings lending support to the supposition that the town itself had been an afterthought. Charred ruins at several corners told the tragic story of recent fires, which wrought so much devastation; fortunately, these conflagrations have left unscathed the city's principal buildings, which comprise some really magnificent structures.

"A few tickets yet to dispose of," and the Ensign excused herself with an alacrity which forbade demur. The Ensign is a lass of some determination and we foresaw discretion in acquiescence. There is no doubt that to the wholehearted advertisement of the officers much of the ultimate success must be attributed. It may be appended here that the Red Knights cannot say enough of the exceptional consideration and interest bestowed on their tour by the different officers. They have been the essence of kindness, or as one Red Knight designated it, "Nothing short of angels." It may be submitted that so far at each of the corps visited the commanding officers have been lasses.

A rousing opera with some swinging songs and a generous collection outside a teeming saloon, and we were on our way to the lecture hall of the Baptist Church, the commodious edifice secured for our meeting. The Red Knights have focused a good deal upon their open-air endeavors, and have not lost by it. There has not been an instance when the attendance has been small or anything but appreciative. At Rat Portage a number

of nondescript youths formed our advance guard, marching ahead of us in a delighted step to our drum and music.

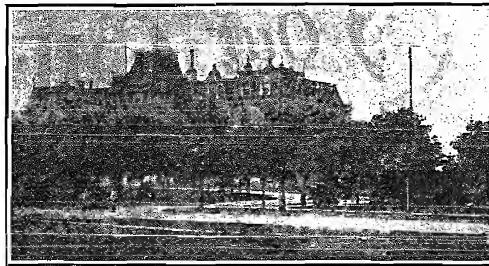
Somebody said they were captivated—perhaps they were, that smiling, stamping, applauding audience, as solos, selections, drills, and instrumental flights gratified their ears and invigorated the envy of small boy hoodlums, which concerned an echo of appreciation outside the windows. Somebody said they were con-



Ogilvie's Rolled Oats Mill, Winnipeg, Man.

science-millions—perhaps they were, that silent sombre throng, as with down-drooped faces they listened to the solemn conclusion to which all the smiling service had led up. Some heavy burdens of old's visitation were carried out. One mother dropped her's at the penitent form—it was touching to see her kneeling there, her infant child gazing up into her tear-bedewed face with wonderment and awe.

Did we say that anywhere in the neighborhood of six was an ideal breakfast hour? So we thought it when it faced us as we got off the cars. But we changed our opinion when it met us at 5.30 as a preliminary to boarding the train. The Red Knights are serving their apprenticeship at early rising, and day-break constitutional, which are no doubt beneficial, if not at the moment beneficial. The



Parliament Buildings, Winnipeg, Man.

ment to the city. It was our first sight of it, and as we went from office to quarters, and lecture hall to basement, finishing with a long and lingering look at the spacious auditorium, we might be forgiven the occasional use of a few exhaustive adjectives, and a few prolonged exclamations. It is a building to be proud of.

"We are going to have a big time all right, that meeting has just whetted everybody's appetite," and our old friend Adjt. Wakefield counted up the Saturday night's offering (a generous one) with an air of confidence that was all-inspiring. We tried to memorize the meeting which had just passed. Winnipeg and the Red Knights had made acquaintance with each other. We had heard of them before, as a warm-hearted, wide-minded, enthusiastic people, and at our first sight we knew them as such. Perhaps they had heard something of us. Brigadier Pugmire's revivalistic reputation had preceded him. Staff-Capt. Morris was no new face, and his corset solos anticipated. Ensign Arnold's violin selections not unheard of, while if Capt. Russel was not known, her voice went deeper than the ears of those who heard her right from the start. Willie and Pearl were already old friends of everybody. But that introductory meeting put us all on our right footing and declared us as we were right away—

Not Mere Instrumentalists, but a band of desperate soul-souls and seekers. It was a meeting crested with enthusiasm, and reached boiling point more than once.

Sunday's meetings—how to describe them—their magnificent audiences, their holy excitement, their tense conviction, and splendid spiritual and financial results! There was the morning meeting—a five crowd of intelligent people who drank in even their own condemnation with an earnestness that was both touching and inspiring. Out of the thirteen who knelt at the mercy-seat almost every one was a volunteer. What if we were nearly chilled to the bone in the open air? The afternoon meeting was a warmer in every sense of the word. The quartet, the solos, and the spoken messages of the party went with a thrill and a fervor that bespoke an exceptional oneness between the platform and the audience. Brigadier Pugmire had scarcely given the first invitation before a volunteer, a broken-down backslider, was at the front. But things reached a climax on Sunday night. There was an electrical feeling in the air during the preliminaries which intensified itself with every song, and repeated itself in every word and prayer. Matters began to look serious with many as Captain Russell emphasized the deep-striking truths of the song, "How can I die without Jesus?" and when Brigadier Pugmire followed with a Bible reading which laid bare the sterling factors of an imminent eternity, men's hairs nearly stood on end and women sobbed like children. It seemed as though

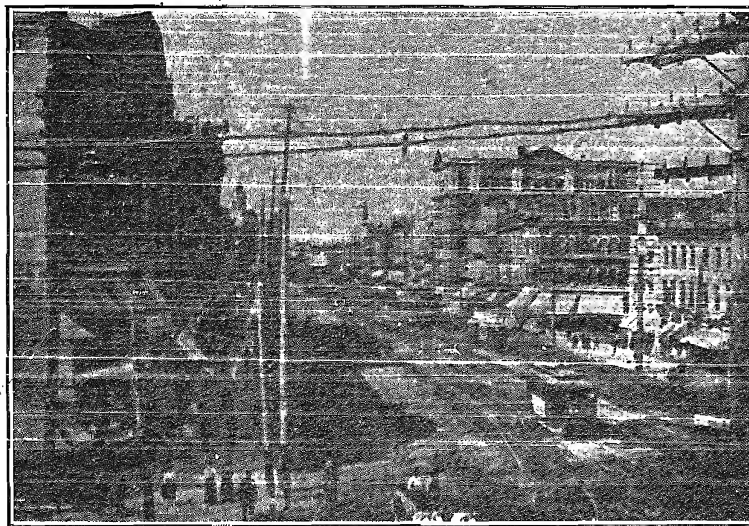
Every Man Stood by His Own Death-
Bed.

Conviction was rife among the crowd, people sobbed all over, and the penitential form was dewy with the contrition of many.

The musical festival was the finishing touch. A magnificent meeting, presided over by Brigadier Southall, and the acme of enthusiasm.

Thirty seekers, and one hundred and thirty-six dollars is the record for the week-end.

A. L. P.



Main Street, Winnipeg, Man.



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Food

"The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind."—1st. Cor. i. 7.
SUNDAY. One of the saddest conditions of a human creature is to read God's Word with a roll upon the heart, to pass blindfolded through all the wondrous testimonies of redeeming love and grace which the Scriptures contain, and it is sad also, if not actually censurable, to pass blindfolded through the works of God, to live in a world of flowers, and stars, and sunsets, and a thousand glorious objects of nature, and never so have a passing interest awakened by any of them.—Dean Goulbourn.

"I go, sir, and went not."—Matt. xxi. 30.
MONDAY. who are inclined to obey God, but others incline him to keep in the fashion. He is like the poor which the French call "Bon Chrétien," very promising, but apt to become sleepy, and to rot at the core. This sort of people is not of much use either in the Salvation Army or out of it.

"Open Thine mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."—Ps. cxix. 18.
TUESDAY. The dying prayer of William Tyndall, the martyr, uttered "with a fervent zeal and a loud voice" was this: "Lord, open the King of England's eyes."
 "If His word once teach us, shoot a ray through all the heart's dark chambers, and reveal truths undiscerned but by that holy light, then all is plain."—Cowan.

"In the time of his distress did he trespass yet more against the Lord."
WEDNESDAY. against the Lord.
 28. We might illustrate the evil of sin by the following comparison: Suppose I were going along a street, and were to dash my hand through a large pane of glass, what harm would I receive? The reader would probably reply, "You would be punished for breaking the glass." Would that be all the harm I would receive? "Your hand would be cut by the glass." Yes, and so it is with sin. If you break God's laws, you shall be punished for breaking them, and your soul is hurt by the very act of breaking them.—J. Ingles.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John xii. 21.
THURSDAY. Jesus Himself there have spiritual sight? Then behold angels and spiritual things. Better still, behold your Lord.
 A lady once said to Turner, who was painting: "Why do you put such extravagant colors into your pictures? I never see anything like them in nature." "Don't you wish you did, madam?" said he. It was a difficult answer. He said, "If a God, who I have pursued shadows and chimeras, I have painted myself with dreams, I have been trespassing up dust, and sporting myself with the wind, I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the birds of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived."

"Redeeming the time."—Col. iv. 5.
FRIDAY. A dying nobleman exclaimed: "God God, how have I employed myself! What have I been doing while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition? I have pursued shadows and chimeras, I have painted myself with dreams, I have been trespassing up dust, and sporting myself with the wind, I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the birds of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived."

Sister or brother, can you truthfully say you are using your life to the utmost advantage?

"By whom also we have access by faith unto this grace SATURDAY. wherein we stand."—Rom. v. 2. That which we desire when we have it not we delight in when we obtain it. At least, this is the case in matters which are really worth desiring. Those who never pine for grace will never prize grace.

Character is made up of small deeds faithfully performed, of self-sacrifices, of self-sacrifices, of kindly acts of love and duty.

SOUL-SAVING.

By BRIGADIER PUGMIRE.

I have been asked by the Editor to say a little on the above topic, and seeing that, for years now, I have been engaged in this work, and have been made, in a measure, successful, it will not be a difficult matter for me to give War Cry readers a little advice on the matter.

Our Calling.

Our business is to save men, to save them from hell and its torments, from sin, and make them into saviours of others. If we fail in this, then we come short of the great purpose for which God has raised us up.

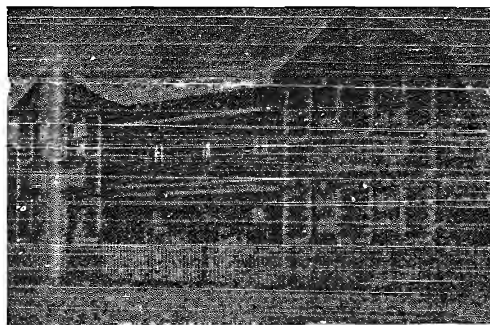
→ Evolution of the Salvation Army. ←

AUSTRALASIA.—(Continued.)

These remarkable advances have been maintained, so that the Salvation Army in the whole of Australasia to-day has indeed a unique position. Valuable aid has been given to the Government in times of distress and disaster, when the Army has been especially useful. With its thousands of officers and soldiers so thoroughly organized, the S. A. has been able to jump to the rescue at a moment's notice, so that at the present day those upon whom rests the heavy responsibilities of state have come to look upon the Army as a friend in the time of need, and no wonder it places into its hands the distributing of charity, the helping of the criminal and others

This was a good and remarkable work, and a splendid start. However, in March, 1901, there were twenty-eight Homes, accommodating 697 women. No. of officers, 149; No. of beds supplied, 101,852; No. of meals supplied, 353,198.

The work amongst the women is, of course, divided into various departments. We will first speak of the Maternity work. It is a sad and serious statement that is given in the statistics of Australia that 6,000 illegitimate births occur in one year. It is even sadder to reflect that the pathway trodden by hundreds, and perhaps thousands of these, many of them very young girls, is in the downward



Abbotsford, Aus.—One of the Finest Equipped Rescue Homes in the World.

when such work is to be done on a large scale.

We could fill two or three War Cry if we dwelt exhaustively on the spiritual and social side of the work in Australasia, but we will confine ourselves to the giving of a few of the most interesting particulars.

In dealing with the social side of the work, we would first mention what is being done in connection with the Women's Social branch in various ways.

The female population of Australasia, which, according to the latest returns, totals 2,101,000, is in need of true women leaders, who will voice the wrongs and wretchedness under which many thousands of their sex suffer a miserable existence. Figures are very unsatisfactory, as they only give an idea of numerical advancement, whereas the greatest progress in this work has been in its actual character and internal development. In 1896 there were Women's Homes, 16; accommodation, 22; No. of officers, 53; No. of beds supplied, 54,074; No. of meals supplied, 168,544.

The importance of the Army's Maternity work is manifest. The law can do nothing for these girls; they have broken it, and must suffer the consequence. In many cases their self-inflicted misery is suffered in silence—they have separated themselves from their friends, and all who know them, feeling their disgrace and shame so acutely. They need pity, mercy, and practical love. It is interesting to note that eight per cent. of these six thousand women were housed in the Army's Maternity Homes in Australia during last year.

The free and independent lives of young Australian girls are such as to cause them to chafe at any incarceration and restraint. This spirit of liberty is very often the secret of their downfall and shame. If they are to be detained and influenced for good, it is certainly very important that the surroundings should be helpful to the object in view. The Homes are, therefore, made as cheerful as possible, and the very opposite to prisons.

(To be Continued.)

The Salvationist who is not willing to learn the "art" of saving men has surely missed his calling.

Certain qualifications are necessary in order to be successful, and to be "ashamed." What are they? Let us mention one or two:

1.—Fixity of Purpose.

Gothie says, "The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain it." You must say to yourself "At all costs, I will be the ruling passion of your life—it must consume every other desire, so that you can say, 'The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up.' There will be a thousand things to switch you off the main track, but your mind must be concentrated on this one great purpose—the salvation of souls. Buxton says, 'Concentration alone conquers.'

2.—Love Them.

Paul said, "Love never faileth." We cannot win men except we love them—probably more souls are won by sympathy than by preaching. Weep over them. Have the spirit that Jeremiah had when he said, "Oh, that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people." Look at the Master weeping over Jerusalem. Plead with them tenderly. Show them the realities of eternity. Bring them up before the Great White Throne, then show them Jesus.

Jesus in the manger—no room in the inn.
 Jesus in the carpenter's shop.
 Jesus healing the people and blotting up their wounds.

Jesus in Gethsemane, dropping blood drops.
 Jesus with thorns, nails, and open side on Calvary.

3.—Prayer.

All mighty men of God have been men of prayer. Jesus told the disciples, when they could not cast the devil out, "This kind cometh not out but by prayer and fasting."

At Dunbar, in Scotland, Cromwell was riding at the head of his cavalry in the early morning, on his way to battle, when he heard a voice. He rode near to listen, and it was the voice of one of his own soldiers praying for victory. He said, "I met with so much of God in the prayer that I was satisfied that deliverance was at hand." And so it was.

But while prayer is vital, yet you must not be on your knees when you ought to be after souls. Not only pray for sinners, but go and fetch them.

4.—Keep Red-Hot.

A lukewarm individual does not win souls. Keep your own soul red-hot. When the Holy Spirit was given at Pentecost three thousand were converted. Apart from the assistance of the Spirit nothing permanent can be accomplished. How necessary then, to be "filled with the Spirit," and thus keep red-hot for service, and be made useful in saving souls. "They that turn many to righteousness shall all shine as the stars for ever." You be one of them.

THE BLESSING OF EMPLOYMENT.

In any great calamity, it is the pending or already existing need so helpful an engrossing. Men working at the point of death, the danger of a tenth part as much who stand gazing in the face of a bloody encounter on a battlefield, equals in horrible experience the holding of the line which must stand hold ground without returning the fire of the enemy.

Imprisoned for

In our Foreign News previously referred to the arrest of Blanche Cox, and other soldiers.



The spirit of liberty which enjoy across the border. The following, particularly from the New York War Cry, our readers more light upon the fact.

We are informed that Salvationists, under the leadership of Ensign Crawford, marched down Woodward Avenue, singing, and stopped between Congress Streets to invite to follow to the Light Guard where a meeting to protest against Campus ordinance was held. Army 2,000 people were heard the speakers. As Mrs. Cox, of Indianapolis, who times been found guilty of the ordinance, walked upon the form, she was greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs and sign Crawford rose and said, "All who appreciate and the position taken by the please stand."

The entire audience cheers. Adjutant Edith Yonker and song, introduced whose remarks were frequently interrupted with applause. In part, "I did not come here for the of violating an ordinance, my duty as a Salvation Army Two months ago I had a conversation with the then commissioner stated my case, but could satisfaction from him."

"The Salvation Army's of the operator. It is the church black sheep who never at other church, and any monk that closes the door of this takes upon itself a great responsibility."

"People will not follow me to my hall, said she, 'I am not hunger for religion as the whiskey. I have never been on the Campus—always in the barracks. No property owner made a complaint. No policeman ever said we obstructed the only ask the same privilege by the saloons, theatres, street, etc."

"Monday afternoon, while in the county jail, I heard the music; it was pleasant to looked out of my window, the bars, and across the street. of a saloon was a band playing brass and one wind instrument performers moved on down in front of another saloon. I once declares that no horn blown within the mile circle. bandmen were not moved when I saw the ordinance that I thought of the New York familiar cartoon, entitled, 'No jar you?'"

James H. Pound, the Major, who carried her case to Supreme Court, delivered a short that provoked a storm of approval. John H. Powell declared Salvation Army had gained friends during the past two than it had during its entire career in Detroit. He expressed his pleasure in the fact. "Bands play in the saloons," he said, "and they are molested, because there the Abolitionists get the votes, fered a long resolution, which adopted by a rising vote, being almost unanimous. Mrs. Fred E. Britton, President of the W.C.T.U., and others, at the meeting, which closed at 10 o'clock."

It is easy to despise—to us is much better. A spontaneous help is better than a forced one.

Imprisoned for Jesus.

In our Foreign News we have previously referred to the arrest of Major Blanche Cox, and other Salvationists, while conducting open-air meetings in Detroit.



In passing we must say that the imprisonment of Salvationists while preaching the Gospel on the public highway certainly seems a departure from the spirit of liberty which our friends enjoy across the border.

The following particulars, taken from the New York War Cry, will give our readers more light upon the subject.

We are informed that sixty-seven Salvationists, under the leadership of Ensign Crawford, marched down Woodward Avenue, singing and praying, and stopped between Larned and Congress Streets to invite the public to follow to the Light Guard Armory, where a meeting to protest against the ordinance was held. At the Armory 2,000 people were gathered to hear the speakers. As Major Blanche Cox, of Indianapolis, who had three times been found guilty of violating the ordinance, walked upon the platform, she was greeted with cheers and the waving of handkerchiefs. Ensign Crawford rose and said:

"All who appreciate and believe in the position taken by Major Cox, please stand."

The entire audience rose with cheers. Adjutant Edith Yoder, after prayer and song, introduced the Major, whose remarks were frequently punctuated with applause. In part she said: "I did not come here for the purpose of violating an ordinance, but to do my duty as a Salvation Army officer. Two months ago I had a conversation with the then commissioner of police. I stated my case, but could gain no satisfaction from him."

"The Salvation Army's cathedral is the open-air. It is the church of the black sheep who never attend any other church, and any municipal body that closes the door of this cathedral takes upon itself a great responsibility."

"People will not follow us half-mile to our hall, said she. 'People do not hunger for religion as they do for whiskey. I have never even stood on the Campus—a ways in front of the barracks. No property owner has ever made a complaint. No policeman has ever said we obstructed traffic. We only ask the same privilege enjoyed by the saloons, theatres, street-car people, etc.'

"Monday afternoon, while I was in the county jail, I heard the sound of music; it was pleasant to hear. I looked out of my window, through the bars, and across the street. In front of a saloon was a band playing, four brass and one wind instrument. The performers moved on down the street in front of another saloon. The ordinance declares that no horn shall be blown within the mile circle. These bandmen were not molested, and when I saw the ordinance thus broken I thought of the New York's paper's familiar cartoon, entitled, 'Wouldn't it jar you?'

James H. Pound, the Major's attorney, who carried her case to the Supreme Court, delivered a short address that provoked a storm of applause.

John H. Powell declared that the Salvation Army had gained more friends during the past two months than it had during its entire previous career in Detroit. He urged the audience to bring to bear on the Aldermen. "Bands play in front of the saloons," he said, "and they will not be molested, because here is where the Aldermen get the votes." He offered a long resolution, which was adopted by a rising vote, the same being almost unanimous.

Mrs. Fred B. Britten, President of the W.C.T.U., and others, addressed the meeting, which closed at 5:30 o'clock.

It is easy to despise—to understand is much better.

A spoonful of help is better than a dishful of advice.

WANTED!

Men and Women

Who are fully Saved from Sin,
Filled with the Holy Ghost,

With a Burning Passion

For the Salvation of the Lost,
Willing to Live and Fight

FOR SOULS,

To become Officers in the Salvation Army for
THE FIELD, AS TEACHERS FOR SAL-
THE WOMEN'S VATION ARMY SCHOOLS
SOCIAL WORK, IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

NOW IS THE TIME!

Get Ready for the
September Sessions.

Send in your Application to the following Officers:

FOR FIELD WORK—

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Brigadier Pickering, James and Albert Sts., Toronto, Ont.

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Major McMillan, Clarence Street, London, Ont.

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE—To Major Turner, 128 St. Peter Street, Montreal, Que.

EASTERN PROVINCE—To Brigadier Sharp, 74 Germain Street, St. John, N.B.

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE—To Brigadier Southall, Rupert Street, Winnipeg, Man.

PACIFIC PROVINCE—To Major Hargrave, Room 305, Fernwell Block, Spokane, Wash.

NEWFOUNDLAND—To Brigadier Smetton, 20 Springdale Street, St. John's, Nfld.

FOR WOMEN'S SOCIAL WORK—

To Lieut.-Col. Read, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SCHOOL TEACHERS' APPOINTMENTS—

To Colonel Jacobs, James and Albert Streets, Toronto, Ont.

Twenty Years Behind Prison Bars.

Thinking of my past mis-spent life and the great love of God in saving a scoundrel like me, I thought I might encourage some reader of the War Cry (especially the poor drunkard) to accept God's offer of pardon and help through Jesus Christ, and receive power to overcome all sin. I have proved that Jesus does save to the uttermost.

My life has been such a terrible one, of sin and degradation, that

I Wonder God Did Not Consume Me

with His wrath long ago, but, praise His name, He will not let that any should perish, but that all should turn to Him and live. I have spent more than twenty years behind prison bars, through my crimes when drunk. I have repeatedly turned over a new leaf, and prayed for help to overcome the drink habit. I believed in Jesus Christ in the same way as I believed in George Washington, Oliver Cromwell, or any other historical character. For the last twelve years I have been struggling to be a good Christian man, for I realized that was my only hope in this world; but I failed, and was in an agony of mind most of the time. I attempted twice to

Take My Own Life.

but God, in His mercy, prevented me. Only those who are thorough drunkards, as I was, can understand how I suffered in trying to overcome my besetting sin. All my friends gave me up in despair. There seemed no hope for me.

I believe there are many men in the world like myself, who try to save themselves, and even go to prayer meetings, or church, but they are not saved from their sins. God's Holy Spirit revealed to me my true condition about a year ago. I was reading the Bible, and came across these words, "Ye must be born again" (John III. 3). "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven" (Matt. vii. 21). Also Luke XIII. 3, Acts v. 32, and other passages were read, and like a dash I understood that I must sincerely repent of my past sins and take Christ as my personal Saviour. This I did, and

Received Pardon

and power to overcome all my sins. I now believe on Christ, trust Him, and try, by the aid of the Holy Ghost, to obey Him. Praise His holy name! All the devils in hell cannot pluck me out of His hands. I have consecrated my life to the service of Christ, and where His Spirit leads I will follow.

We have meetings here, led by Staff-Capt. Archibald, three or four times a month. The Staff-Captain is loved by many and respected by all. He is at the prison every day, trying to help the boys, and only the Judgment Day will reveal the good work he is doing for the Master. I have every reason to say, "God bless the work of the Army."

NO POWER LIKE LOVE.

There is no such power in the universe as love. Nothing surpasses it, nothing can even equal it. We talk about the power of hate, and of evil, and of death; but love is far above any one of these, or all of them. We might as well say that "we are superior to God, for God is love. God not only has love, but He is love; and until God is overcome and destroyed, love will flourish, and its evidences and results will be forever in the universe, and any child of God can share God's love, and then share the reflect God's power.

The one great purpose of creation—love, The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

One of the surest signs of immortality is the fact that to attain anything here for which we have longed and striven, but that it presently crumbles and loses its substance. So all desire is simply a passing on and on from symbol to symbol, until we shall at length be satisfied by grasping the reality.

THE MEANING OF PRAYER.

Prayer is the sweet breath of the soul Upwaded unto God, The half-way reaching of the goal, By holy angels trod.

Prayer is an incense pure and white. Upon faith's altars burned, Where dimly is beheld the light, For which the spirit yearned.

Prayer is the cry, the yearning cry, Wrung from the heart of woe, When hope's sweet blossoms fade and die, And the streams of life are low.

Prayer is a soft and gentle wing, Which lifts the soul from earth, And gives it strength to soar and sing, And breathe the heavenly birth.

Prayer is the folding of the life Within the Love Divine, Where through the darkening clouds of strife Faith rears her golden shrine! —Selected.

THE BLESSING OF MORNING PRAYER.

McCheyene felt deeply the need of early morning prayer. "I ought to pray before seeing anyone," he said once. "Often, when I sleep long, or meet others early, and then have family prayer and breakfast and forenoon callers, it is 11 o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day, and went out into a solitary place. David says, 'Early will I seek Thee. Thou shalt early hear My voice.'"

TAKE TIME.

We shall never be sorry afterwards for counting twice before entering upon any new course, for sleeping over things and injuries before saying or doing anything in answer, or for carefully considering any business scheme presented to us before putting money or name into it. It will save us from much regret, loss, and sorrow, always to remember to do nothing rashly.

PAGE

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Certain qualifications are necessary in order to be successful, and to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." What are they? Let me mention one or two:

1.—Fixity of Purpose.

Gotthelf says, "The important thing in life is to have a great aim, and to possess the aptitude and perseverance to attain it." You must say to yourself, "At all costs, I will be a savior of men." This must be the ruling passion of your life—it must consume every other desire, so that you can say, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up." There will be a thousand things to switch you off this main track, but your mind must be concentrated on this one great purpose—the salvation of souls. Buxton says, "Concentration alone conquers."

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In any great celebration, depending on already accomplished work, as on the occasion of the Men working at the prison, the blessing of employment, the blessing of a tenth part as men who stand gasping in the face of a bloody encounter on a field equals in horrible experience the holding of the line which must stand hold its ground without returning the fire of the enemy.

THE COMMISSIONER IN THE WEST.

(By wire.)

The Commissioner's tour began most promisingly, in spite of the railway accident which fearfully delayed the trains. Missed connections for Grand Forks. Party, however, did meeting there, but as the latter could not reach Fargo in time, the Commissioner conducted meeting unexpectedly. People were delighted.

Commissioner and party at Opera House, Jamestown. The select audience keenly enjoyed "Miss Booth in Rage." Prominent citizens said they would not have missed the address for ten dollars. Officers and soldiers enthusiastic. Eleven seekers afternoon and night.

Reached Butte for Sunday. Expectations ran high and were surpassed. In the Auditorium for Saturday, Sunday, and Monday. The Commissioner Sunday afternoon spoke on "Song of the City." Exceedingly attentive audience filled the house; many in tears. Miss Booth was at her best and created an excellent impression. Auditorium packed at night and hundreds turned away. People most eagerly listened to Commissioner's address, "Past Mother's Grave." Influence indescribable; hearts touched; consciences smitten; profound convictions. Crowd sat breathless to the end. The biggest audience on record. Nine souls for Sunday. Open-air collections, and finances otherwise, excellent. Miss Booth fatigued but in fair health. Party all well and in good spirits. Full of hope for to-night. Major Hargrave with us, and delighted with the meetings.

BRIGADIER FRIEDRICH.

ENSIGN LARDER, Sydney, to Windsor, N.S.

ENSIGN S. McDONALD, Windsor, to furlough.

ENSIGN ALLEN, Woodstock, to Sydney, C.B. Corps.

ENSIGN ANDREWS, Halifax II, to Summerside Corps.

ENSIGN SMITH, Fenelon Falls, to Barrie Corps and District.

ENSIGN HANNA, Collingwood, to Dundas.

ENSIGN ROWAN, furlough, to Deseronto.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner.



Wanted—Candidates!

The demand for consecrated flesh and blood, sanctified brains and emotions, sacrificing energies and holy ambitions, will always be the greatest need of the Salvation Army, for it is the very essence of its existence. With the inauguration of the new central training system, we can afford a more thorough and systematic equipping of our Candidates, and the better results can already be observed in the Cadets now in training. We shall, however, not become stationary, but continue to improve in our training system, as well as in all other branches of the work.

We want to point out, however, to intending Candidates that now is the time to apply for officership in the Army, as it will necessarily take some time before the required forms and preliminary papers can all be obtained and completed. The next session will begin September 1st, and four months is not too long a time to prepare for entering the Training Home with the beginning of the next session.

As there appears to be some doubt abroad as to whom Candidates should apply to, we call their attention to the displayed card for Candidates on another page, which gives the various addresses, according to the part of the Territory in which the Candidate resides, and according to the particular branch of work he wishes to enter.

We confidently believe that the exceptional record of soul-saving during the winter will produce an increase of applications for officership.

While in the West, the Commissioner intends visiting our corps in north-west British Columbia, going as far north as Skegway.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner had a most eventful journey between Chicago and Minneapolis. The train upon which the Commissioner was traveling ran into a siding which ran right across the track. The car reared on end, but happily the Commissioner and party escaped unhurt, except that they received a severe shaking.

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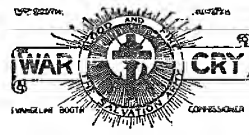
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(Special.)

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PRINTED FOR EVANGELINE C. BOOTH, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, the North-Western States of America, and Alaska, by John M. C. Hogg, at the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Albert Street, Toronto.

All communications referring to the contents of the *WAR CRY*, contributions for publication in its pages, or inquiries about it, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

All communications on matters relating to subscriptions, arrears, and changes of address, should be addressed to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

All Cadets, N. O. and Extern Cadets should be made payable to EVANGELINE C. BOOTH.

All notices to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly.

All manuscript, (refuse matter intended for publication) can be sent at the risk of the CORRESPONDENT per two weeks, if desired, in unsealed envelopes, or sent by registered mail.

"Evangelist's Copy."

General Order.

RE JUNIOR SOLDIERS' ANNUAL.

The dates for the above are Sunday and Monday, May 4 and 5. In every corps the regulations regarding the same must be faithfully carried out.

(1) The Juniors will take the platform on Sunday afternoon, May 4, when the quarterly review will take place.

(2) Monday, May 5, a Juniors' Demonstration is to be arranged in the Senior barracks.

(3) One-third of the total proceeds of these meetings will be passed over to the J. S. fund for the purchase of prizes, etc.

P. O.'s and D. O.'s are responsible for seeing the foregoing directions carried out.

(Signed) Evangeline C. Booth, Commissioner.

GAZETTE.

Promotions—

Capt. J. Mercer, Fort William, to be ENSIGN.

Lieut. Gamble, North-West, to be Captain.

Lieut. G. Walter Pocock, Territorial Headquarters, to be Captain.

Lieut. J. Bone, Central Ontario, to be Captain.

Cadet Minnie Miller, Grand Forks, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Leigh Hunt, Special Work, North-West, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Albert Gardiner, Neepawa, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Martha Fleming, Grafton, N. D., to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Cadet Tilde Forsberg, Winnipeg, to be Probationary-Lieutenant.

Appointments—

MRS. MAJOR COOPER, Guelph, to Brantford Corps.

ADJT. CAMERON, Brantford, to Guelph Corps and District.

ADJT. CAVE, Barre, to Pictou Corps and Belleville District.

ADJT. BURROWS, Barrie, Ont., to Lippincott Corps.

ADJT. BAILE, Lindsay, to Lisgar St. Corps.

ADJT. GOODWIN, Lippincott, to London Corps.

ADJT. SIMS, Lisgar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

ADJT. G. MILLER, furlough, to Property Department, Territorial Headquarters.

ADJT. TURNIP, Chancellor, Newfoundland Province, to be Provincial J. S. Secretary, Eastern Province.

ADJT. McHILLIVRAY, London, to be Chancellor, Newfoundland Province.

ENSIGN CRAWFORD, St. Thomas, to Wingham Corps.

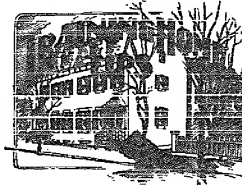
ENSIGN HELLMAN, Petrolia, to Goderich.

ENSIGN HALEY, Simcoe, to St. Thomas Corps.

ENSIGN PUGH, Pictou, to Tweed.

ENSIGN BRADBURY, Prescott, to Nanawau Corps.

ENSIGN BOWERING, Parrashore, to Woodstock, N.B.



One man, visited in his home by two of the men-Cadets, was very much convicted of his sin, and before they left they had the joy of pointing him to the Lamb of God.

Brigadier Horn gave an interesting lecture at the Home on "Finance." The blackboard lessons were especially instructive. Our Trade Secretary's genial manner has made him much loved by the Cadets.

Ensign Brehaut and the Women-Cadets visited Yorkville last Sunday for special meetings, and report good crowds, good interest, and good finances. Soldiers were in fighting form, the spirit of freedom prevailed, and the Cadets made the most of their opportunities. The Ensign was well impressed with our Yorkville comrades. Everybody was delighted, and an invitation was extended for a return visit. Two souls melted at the cross.

The Men-Cadets, with their officer, Capt. Trickey, conducted the meetings at No. 1. The comrades of this corps were proud with their welcome, and officers, Cadets, and soldiers, with united faith and effort, stormed the forts of darkness. God was with us, and we had a day of blessing and victory. Our Esther St. comrades said heartily, "Come again." Four souls came forward.

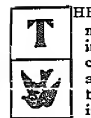
"Advance" is the watchword of our Training Homes, and it gives much encouragement to all concerned as we discern the real progress made day by day by the Cadets.—T.

256 houses were visited and 103 prayed in during one afternoon last week, also 140 saloons were visited on Saturday.

The Chief Secretary at London.

(By wire.)

Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs enthusiastically received by the London troops. Meetings full of interest and power. Crowds increased at every meeting. Mrs. Jacobs' singing and addresses paved the way for the Colonel's powerful Bible readings. Eight souls for salvation. Many under deep conviction. More captures expected to-night. Prospects good for glorious councils. Officers full of fire.—Major McMillan.



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THE WAR CRY.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

BY THE COMMISSIONER.



THE world decides to-day what it shall have and be on the morrow. The nation's greatest men and means are not engaged in accomplishing the triumphs of the moment, but in tutoring conquerors for far higher honors than they themselves can carry; as the gardener's best skill is not concentrated upon the matured blossom, but is given to the nurture of the teeming seedling, promising to beautify a coming summer. So it is the world through. What makes the brave admiral content to leave the fleet in other hands to stay all the time in the training ship at home? What makes the

convictions of a whole community fling the whole force of his genius before a room-full of raw students and an army of note-books and pencils? Why, on the stage of time, should so many of the best and ablest be engrossed in these curtailed toils? Just because, on some near-to-morrow, when their last act is performed, the play must pass into other hands, and to fit such is their work. Curtained now may seem their labors, but within the arena of the future, there line up the naval, military, musical, social, political and religious forces whose nucleus they nurture to-day.

It is in the clatter of the little feet which procession in and out of our numerous schools we hear the tramp of the coming worlds. It is in the ring of voices in park and street we catch the declarations of the rights or wrongs of future nations. In the heated shouts of the play-ground, over won or defeated game, we detect the hurrahs of the armies for God, or the hisses of the armies against Him. In the rows of little faces behind amateur desks we see the occupants of our future homes, of the terrible spectacles of woe and sin peering through prison grating. And long years back the Salvation Army has recognized this, and with its philanthropic, redeeming agencies pulsating through every land, it has not been behind in spending its brightest and best to get in readiness reinforcements to fall into line when we wear the white robes instead of the blue, and have replaced the cap with the crown.

WE MUST HAVE THE CHILDREN FOR GOD.

It is from the arsenals of the play-ground, the school-room, and the nursery, we can only hope to replenish our resources and march out armies of desperadoes to contend for God and truth, when we ourselves are marshalled above. Napoleon said, "Give me the children and I will conquer the world." I say there is no village, town, city, or country so dark in sin but what if I could have its children I could win it for Jesus. Oh! have we ever been guilty of thinking that it was only a child—of not much account? That it was a condescension, and perhaps a useless one, to try and do anything for it? Wrapped in the clay of that child's body there burns a spark of immortality which all the hurricanes of a last day cannot blow out. A child is a little casket of infinite possibilities for light or darkness.

While it is often argued that children's work is the most difficult and intricate that can be undertaken, yet we must not lose sight of the many mighty advantages which attend all effort put forth for the salvation of the young—advantages which are peculiar to them, which are inevitably absent in our toil among those of older years.

First—You can be beforehand with the devil, and it is an immeasurable advantage to be first on the field. Before the fascination of worldliness has stolen the affection, you can point to the attraction of a life lived in the enthusiasm of the Cross. Before selfish greed has fastened its claim, you can teach the charm of sacrificing and living for another. Before that sweet influence so peculiar to childhood is perverted by wickedness and deceit, you can direct its power for righteousness and truth.

A child's ignorance of real guilt and sin offers a thousand facilities for increasing their knowledge of God, and if by building bulwarks of warning about them we can keep them from the knowledge of evil, then we lift a fortress for their soul's protection stronger than the united armies of the whole world could raise, and which through the battles of their after life, when the matured spirit must meet upon life's open field the various foes of righteousness, will prove their greatest benediction.

Second—They are easily influenced. Like the vine, with its tender tendrils, ready and waiting to be nailed to any wall; and the lemons which can be led down any road. With the adult there are the questions of the mind

to be answered; there are the old habits of thirty or forty years to be shaken off; there are a multitude of former connections to be broken. It takes a very cyclone of convicting truth to break the hardened heart, while the dropping of one gentle appeal will bring a child to contrition.

Some argue that because of this susceptibility of children, their impulses and resolutions for good are not to be relied upon, or even encouraged. This is as cruel as it is ridiculous. Because the plant is the easier directed in its earlier awakenings, is it advantageous to leave it to grow in distortion until to correct its misshapen form you must break the stem? I say, if there is a season in the soul's history when it is the more easily influenced for good, and that period is childhood, then every Christian heart and hand should be outstretched to influence the children for God, so that the little feet may be led into the paths of righteousness, and so prevent their "easy influencing days" being used by the devil to drive them into the rear of the throng which crowds the broad road.

Third—First impressions are the most lasting. This is especially so when those influences are for good. The mind, in its wonderful ability to leap through time and space with as great ease and rapidity as the eye can blink, is continually carrying us back to the days of childhood, stirring up memories which give us to realize that the early impressions have never been driven from our soul. We may have wandered from them, we may have lost their track, we may have abused their blessings, but they remain with us, and all the rough usage the heart may have gone through in its intervening travels has never been able to entirely deafen its ear to the home calls of those first impressions for God and goodness. They are like the carrier pigeons—no matter how far off they have been driven, they will come home. We find them twenty years after peering at the gate of our soul. So it is with the nursery and Sunday school days; no child can be taught to pray, love its Bible, fear its God, but what, although we may not see the immediate results, those lamps will cast their light o'er all the shadows which may follow, and make the strongest claims upon that soul for Heaven. But in the case of tens of thousands these impressions are the most lasting in the sense that they remain in all their saving force to hold the soul to God and goodness, as the wheel holds the paunting vessel to its course across a trackless sea.

The late Earl of Shaftesbury repeatedly announced on great public occasions that he owed all his goodness and greatness, under God, to a poor servant girl who led him to Jesus when but a child.

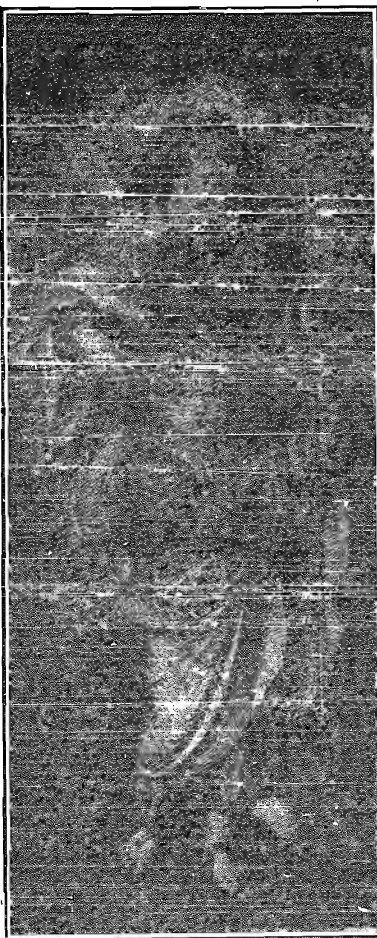
John McNeill—the Spurgeon of Scotland—one of the greatest living evangelists, was saved when but a boy of fourteen, at one of our Army penitents forms.

Amongst the officers of my own Headquarters Staff there are no less than twenty-three who were converted under sixteen years of age.

I, myself, when only a little girl of seven, was led to Him who so graciously said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then there is our own beloved and precious General. In his early teens he gave himself "a living sacrifice" to spend and be spent for the salvation of the masses, and who can say until "the morning breaks" what has been the full accomplishment of that one consecrated life, which has made its impress upon the world?

(Continued on page 12.)



THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

"Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."—Matt. xviii. 10.

Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray Farewell from London.

Changes and new moves in the various branches are the Army's peculiar characteristic. The present general change of Staff Officers has brought farewell orders to Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray, and on Sunday, April 6th, they were farewelled from the London corps, where they have labored successfully for the past year.

Expressions of regret at their departure were heard on all sides. On Sunday night a large crowd assembled in the chancel, and a number of Local Officers spoke, expressing their appreciation of Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray's labors amongst them, and their regret at their departure. Amongst those who spoke was Bandmaster Pope, who referred to the constant interest the Adjutant had taken in the band, playing an instrument when possible, and helping them in every way. This, he said had been deeply appreciated by himself and the rest of the band. Sergt-Major Andrews also spoke. I am not sure whether he is partial to Scotch people or not, at any rate he spoke very highly of the Adjutant and his wife. He said they were amongst the best officers London had ever had, and we have had not a few of Canada's best leaders.

A good work has been wrought during their sojourn amongst us. Their special financial efforts have been successful, souls have been won to Christ, and backsliders reclaimed.

Mrs. McGillivray deserves a special word of commendation for the valuable assistance she has rendered the Adjutant. She has been a regular War Cry hooper, her sales reaching to the hundreds almost weekly; she has taken an active interest in the Junior work, also given practical assistance in the special efforts, besides ministering to the multitudinous needs of her little family. The Adjutant has an able helpmeet in his dear wife.

We understand a change of work has been arranged for our comrades, and they are being sent as Chancellors to Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, in Newfoundland. We tender them our heartiest congratulations upon this mark of the Commissioner's confidence. May God prosper them in their new field of labor.

While we are losing able leaders in Adj. and Mrs. McGillivray, London is again being honored by the appointment of Adj. Alice Goodwin. The writer has had the privilege of serving under the Adjutant before, and holds her appointment with delight. We assure her of a hearty welcome from the London corps and people.

Major McMillan, our Provincial Officer, is holding officers' councils in London from April 12th to the 16th. Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs will conduct special meetings on Sunday and Monday, assisted by the Provincial Staff and District Officers of the Province. We are looking for mighty times of blessing, of which we shall report later.—Amo Dies.

Musical Festival at Charlottetown

We have just had our annual musical festival, which was held to clear off the winter's coal bill, and has proved to be a pronounced success. The first part consisted of a life-belt service, in which a large boat, with sails spread, was packed with Salvation Bluejackets, in uniform, who went through the service representing the voyage of life, with appropriate recitations and quotations from Bible and experience; while solos, duets, quartets, and choruses made a very pleasing and impressive program. When this was finished, and the boat removed, the little tota, seven in number, went through their dumb-bell drills to the satisfaction of all. The dumb-bells had been improved by bells being inserted, so that with every movement there was a jingling accompaniment. Prof. Hawley's bar-bell girls, sixteen in number, then took their place and began a series of drills and marches that fairly dazzled and captivated the audience. I don't want to be boastful, but really don't know another corps in Canada that could anywhere near come up to this display. These marches, for precision and intricate movements, could hardly be excelled. It has meant a lot of hard work for Prof. Hawley, but his ingenuity and labor was entirely crowned with success. The barracks were gorgeously decorated, and the finances amounted to fifty-nine dollars, while everyone left in ecstasy.

The Lord is still manifesting His power to save in our midst, and we are praying and believing that many of those young people who never miss a meeting will step over the line before long. We're trying to make it both interesting and hot for all. Eight have sought Christ since last report.—Nethers.

Harmonic Revivalists.

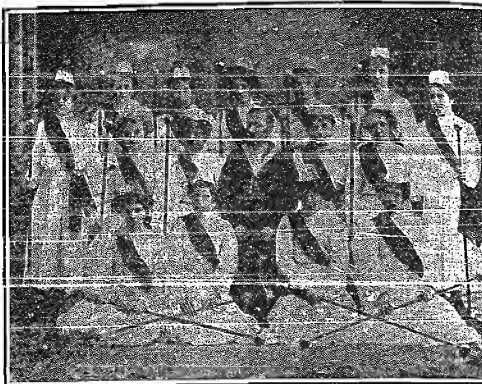
Mrs. Kendall and myself received our orders some weeks ago to the special soul-saving work in the E.O.P. We have felt, and do feel, the responsibility of such a commission, but we believe the great agency of success in this work is the Holy Ghost. Soul-saving has been our joy and crown for some years, today it is our greatest delight. We are willingly and joyfully taking hold of this work. We are Salvationists. We have no broken vows to God or the Army. If it were so we would have no spiritual grip, nor power with God or man. Oh, may God help us to keep clear in our souls, settled and devoted. On these lines He will be with us, and we shall win.

We have been at the first appoint-

East Ontario Harmonic Revivalists.



Capt. R. Crego. Cand. Allan. Mrs. Kendall. Adj. Kendall.



Prof. Hawley's Drill Class, Charlottetown, P.E.I.

ment, Arnprior, and a nice little place it is. Capt. Liddell and Lieut. Bryan are stationed here. They had our meetings well announced. The few soldiers turned out well every night. Two or three of them, who came from a long distance, stood right by us. The crowds were good, and we had four souls out for salvation. We should have had two weeks in this place. The collections were splendid. We were all hit at the quarters, friends supplying the food. They were more than kind, and the officers put forth every effort to make us comfortable. May God bless the officers, soldiers, and friends of Arnprior, and may He revive the work in this place, and save many souls.—H. C. Kondali.

Eastern Harvesters.

Well, sir, we got a-bord that train what I told you was common. She was over four hours late in starten, but I tell you there was no grass growd under her feet between Moncton and Campbellton. We was sorry that we did not arrive in time for meeten, but Captain Leadley and Cadet Cavender went right on with it. Bro. Cooper met us at the train, and kindly showed us where the Army hidden was.

We all felt that we were goen to get a warm welcome from the Campbellton people, and when we seen the cheerful faces, and felt the firm grip of the officers' and soldiers' hands, we thought, "Here are people that will stand by us till the last gun fire." The officers deserve much praise for the way they weered to make the meeten a success, and God did reward them.

The thirteen days are over, and although we have seen some wonderful manifestations of God's power in other places, we feel this is the best yet.

Forty-Four Souls for Salvation, twenty-five of whom were never saved before. The Army barracks, although quite large, was too small to hold the crowds, so the Captain hired the I.O. O.P. Hall, which is the largest public hall in the town. This also was too small to seat the crowds. 2,699 were present at our meetens. The soldiers rallied up well in the open-air, there being 268 present. We feel like saying as we leave the Campbellton comrades, that we are better for haven met them, for here we have seen faithfulness in the truest sense. The converts did nobly, every one of them returned to give God the glory.

Remarkable Conversions.

Two officers who left the work some years ago, and lost their experience, returned to their Father's house. He abundantly pardoned them, and we believe they will live for Him in the future.

Two brothers, leaden butchers of the town, sought and found Jesus. A barber, who is brother of the butchers, sought and found Christ. He declared that he would stop sellen tobacco at once.

Another man was converted some years ago, but grew cold in his soul and started to drink, often being led

from the bar-room by his wife. He attended some of the meetens, was faithfully dealt with, but left the last meeten without yielding, though under deep conviction. However, after walk on up and down the sidewalk for some time he returned to the hall, and rushed straight up the aisle, thrown himself at the penitent form, where he found a pardoned God.

A young man who had gone deep into drink, and almost every kind of sin, came from the back of the hall, and knelt at the cross. Grasping me by the arm, he cried, as if in a struggle between life and death,

"Oh, Pray for Me, Quick!"

God came to his help and delivered him from his sins. After obtaining the witness he went down, throw his arm around his chin, and helped persuade him to come at once to Jesus.

An old man, who had been a backslider for fourteen years, never attended a religious service of any kind in that time, came to our meeten, and as we were singing, "I will follow the Lamb," he jumped to his feet, and with his hand raised, said, "I will follow Him," women right out to the mercy-seat.

There were many other wonderful cases of conversion. God has shown Himself strong on our behalf.

Adj. Byers, the D. O., was present, haven change of the Monday and Tuesday night meetens. His talk was a blessing to us all. Ten soldiers were enrolled, and twenty-four souls sought Christ in the two nights. We believe there is a great future for the Campbellton corps.

We now leave Campbellton for Moncton, en route to Halifax, and feel thankful to God for our visit to this corps. The friends greatly assisted us by given us liberally of their money.

The soldiers bravely stood by us and the officers worked nobly. We do pray that those who have started will go right through, and that many others may be converted.—Farmer Tom.

Eight Seek Forgiveness.

Wesleyville—Some time ago we were favored with a visit from our worthy D. O., Buisen Sparks. The meetings was a real Salvation Army free-and-easy. There was a commissioning and enrolment of soldiers. Six comrades enlisted to fight beneath the yellow, red, and blue. The meeting ended up with a red-hot prayer meeting, and two souls sought forgiveness of sin. The comrades are now away to the ice-fields, and although we have only a few soldiers left, God is with us. Last Saturday night four souls knelt at the cross, and on Wednesday two came to God.—J. Oldford, Lieut.

A Poor Drink Slave.

Wesleyville—God is with us in mighty power. One poor drunkard gave his heart to God last Saturday night. Hallucination is stamped on many faces, and our faith runs high for a break in the devil's ranks soon. Adj. and Mrs. Bleckburn have been conducting meetings around the District during the past week. We missed them very much, and are glad they are home again.—Capt. Johnstone.



Another Fishing

Burns.—On Saturday children's jubilee. We had meetings on Sunday, well as night. Our leaving on another fish soul came over on the We held a banquet recd \$30. We are purchasing paying off old debts, and the devil's debt, and the devil's debt.

A New Bar

Calgary.—God is big Senior and Junior men an enrolment of soldiers. Southall was here to build a new Army believing for better have ever had before. us more and more. Junior Soldier.

A Personal Friend

Campbellford.—Good day Sunday. At 4 o'clock Mrs. Brimmon conducted service of a dear little gone to be with Jesus, ing that through the one the parents may their personal Friend. —A Soldier.

He is Able to

Chatham.—On Sunday kneed-drill, one went home. On Wednesday visit from our D. O. who was a time of prayer. Six held up the prayed for, and two of that the Lord's hand that He cannot save. the droppings. We are the showers.—Ross Major.

Seventeen in O

Clark's Beach.—A tion has sworn over seventeen souls have found pardon during soldiers are all on fire to work. The Christ us their prayers and so the blessing of holiness found the pipe and him from claiming that he says, "I chopped hatchet." Since then I lead to lead others in ery, and God has the War Cry sell like crowds are increasing racks needs enlargement here are a warm-hearted, Capt.

Twenty-Three T

Comfort Cove.—We of the presence of O past week. Sunday we be remembered. A stormy, nineteen met and we had a blessed ness meeting was a time, and at night we one sent in the four New Year twenty-the sought Christ.—B. B. L.

The Small

Dillon.—The small-just as the Sledge came and us in our visiting but we have done our 25th, we enrolled three Tippet, Capt.

Eight Seekers—El

Fargo.—The Sledge blessing to all. Six and two came for holiness the pleasure of seeing stand for God under t Friday. Some of the will soon be officers. Major.



Another Fishing Voyage.

Burlin.—On Saturday we had a children's jubilee. We also had good meetings on Sunday, with a great farewell at night. Our comrades are leaving on another fishing voyage. One soul came over on the Lord's side. We held a banquet recently, and raised \$30. We are purchasing a new drum, paying off old scores, and leaving dirt, debt, and the devil behind.—Sergt. Major.

A New Barracks.

Calgary.—God is blessing us in our Senior and Junior meetings. We had an enrolment of soldiers when Brigadier Southall was here. We are going to build a new Army hall, and are believing for better times than we have ever had before. May God bless us more and more.—Mary Barker, Junior Soldier.

A Personal Friend.

Campbellford.—Good meetings all day Sunday. At 4 o'clock Capt. and Mrs. Brimmon conducted the funeral service of a dear little one, who has gone to be with Jesus. We are praying that through the love of the little one the parents may find Jesus as their personal Friend. God bless them.—A Soldier.

He Is Able to Save.

Chatham.—On Sunday morning, at kneedrill, one wanderer returned home. On Wednesday night we had a visit from our D. O., Adj. Byers, which was a time of cheer and blessing. Six held up their hands to be prayed for, and two came and proved that the Lord's hand is not shortened that He cannot save. These are only the droppings. We are praying for the showers.—Ross Harding, Sergt. Major.

Seventeen in One Week.

Clark's Beach.—A wave of conviction has swept over this place, and seventeen souls have sought and found pardon during the week. The soldiers are all on fire, and know how to work. The Christians are giving us their prayers and some have claimed the blessing of holiness. One brother found the pipe and tobacco kept him from claiming the blessing, and he says, "I chopped it up with the hatchet." Since then he has been trying to lead others into the same liberty, and God has blessed his efforts. The War Cry sells like hot buns. Our crowds are increasing so that our barracks needs enlargement. The people here are a warm-hearted lot.—L. Sheppard, Capt.

Twenty-Three This Year.

Comfort Cove.—We have felt much of the presence of God during the past week. Sunday was a day long to be remembered. Although it was stormy, nineteen met for kneedrill, and we had a blessed time. The holiness meeting was a heart-searching time, and at night we finished up with one soul in the fountain. Since the New Year twenty-three souls have sought Christ.—B. B. Leut.

The Small-Pox.

Dillon.—The small-pox broke out just as the Siege came on, which hindered us in our visiting and other work, but we have done our best. On Feb. 28th, we enrolled three soldiers.—J. S. Tippet, Capt.

Eight Seekers—Eight Enrolled.

Fargo.—The Siege proved a great blessing to all. Six sought salvation and two came for holiness, and we had the pleasure of seeing eight take their stand for God under the flag on Good Friday. Some of them we believe will soon be officers.—M. H. S., Sergt. Major.

Salvationists Sixteen Years.

Galt.—We have been enabled during the past week to wage a good warfare against the power of darkness, and three souls have professed salvation. Our ranks have been reinforced by Bro. and Sister Bishop of Tunbridge Wells corps, Eng. They are Salvationists of sixteen years' standing, and we believe God will make them a great blessing to Galt corps.—Capt. and Mrs. Burton.

One Backslider—One Sinner—Four Soldiers.

Grand Forks.—Dear old Ned, here's a salute for per heart. One backslider home, one sinner for salvation, and four soldiers enrolled to-night. Meetings good, crowds large, collections fair. Communion'll be here with the "Red Knights" the 8th. We are having the First Baptist Church for the occasion, and are all praying for a grand salvation meeting. God give us souls.—Buckskin Drady.

Home Once More.

Great Falls.—Our Adjutant having returned from her home in Ontario, the enrolment of five recruits took place in Good Friday. The enrolment

on their way to the Halifax Council, which we much appreciated. Adj. Byers made a stirring speech on Sunday night, and when the meeting was put to the test it was proved that all of the one hundred and twenty unsaved present were convicted of sin.—Louis the Norwegian.

"Will the Angels Come?"

Musgravetown.—During the past week six have escaped from the enemy's ranks. The people are very much convicted. On Sunday night one sister fell on her knees, when she was sitting in the audience, and asked God to save her. Backsliders are coming home. Our house-to-house visitation is a blessing. We visited a man who is very sick, and is anxious about his soul. While the Lieutenant sang, "Say, will the angels come and to Jesus carry me home?" tears flowed from the sufferer's eyes. He desires our prayers. Our soldiers are real workers. God bless them.—R. Bagge, Capt.

Dodging the Army Fifteen Years.

North Sydney.—An old gentleman from Newfoundland a short time ago came to the footstool of mercy and

duced by the Major, and altogether we had a good and profitable time, both spiritually and financially. One soul volunteered to serve God. Everybody was highly delighted with the meeting.—G. A. L.

Farewell.

Prescott.—The Ensign has farewelled, and the Sergt.-Major is leading on until the new officers arrive. The soldiers are standing by him, and God is helping us all. Our meetings are well attended.—Mrs. Utman.

Another Brave Soldier.

Prince Albert.—Though every effort is being put forth during this special season to encourage the poor sinners to seek Christ, they seem very indifferent, but we are trusting God to give us the victory. Bro. Eben was enrolled under the flag last week by Capt. Myers.—Hallelujah Frenchman.

Two Souls.

Rat Portage.—We had two souls during the Siege, and there are numbers under conviction whom we believe will yield soon.—Ensign Minnie Collett.

Seven Captured.

Seal Cove.—The Spirit of the Lord has been working in our midst. Seven souls have been captured from the ranks of the enemy, and many others are under deep conviction. The soldiers are all on fire for God and souls.—Mary Loveless.

Five Souls.

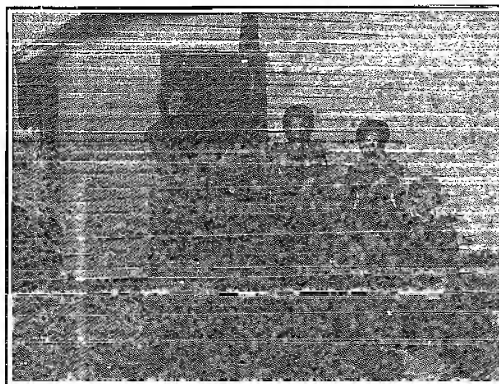
Souris.—God has given us wonderful times. Five souls during the Siege. We had a musical festival on Monday night, which was enjoyed by all. Ensign Mrs. Wynn and Lieut. Papestein, from Brandon, were with us. Captain Gamble and Lieut. Hunt are noted for their musical talents and singing. The program was good, consisting of solos, duets, and instrumental music. Hilda Wyman's solo and three songs illustrated by stereopticon were especially appreciated. We are believing for a great revival.—Cadet J. Plester.

Twenty Years Outside.

Spokane.—On Good Friday we had an enrolment of recruits, six volunteering to serve God under the flag. At the close of the meeting two dear brothers came forward and sought God's pardon. One of these told us that he had not entered a place of worship for twenty years, but coming to our barracks last Wednesday night God showed him his condition, and he said he had no rest until he came and asked God's pardon. He has since taken his stand for God. Adj. Dodd, of the Haven, is finding him work. On Easter Sunday, at kneedrill, a backslider came forward. We also had the joy of witnessing four sinners seeking Christ at the close of our evening service. Hallelujah! Our five hundred Easter War Cry went like hot cakes, not a copy left. To God be all the glory.—Joe Logan, R.C.

Four Sought Christ.

Springhill.—During the past week God has been wonderfully blessing us. We had a visit from Ensign Mrs. Payne, who has charge of the Halifax Rescue Home. She was with us for Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Her visit was much appreciated by all. On Wednesday night she spoke of sin and its consequences, talking for her text, "Be sure your sins will find you out." The dear people of Springhill came to Mrs. Payne's help, and many of them promised to help the work in the future by subscribing to the funds. Four souls sought salvation this week. Our income is real good. We give our Father in heaven all the praise for the good things He is giving us.—Geo. Cooper, Ensign.



J. S. Locals of Hant's Harbor Corps, Nfld.

was conducted by our much-loved leader, Adj. Terex, whom the comrades and people of Great Falls are glad to have back again. As she read the Articles of War the people seemed much impressed, and many are convinced that it was a noble and brave thing to fight in the ranks of the Salvation Army. We believe the Adjutant's address, which followed, sank deep into the hearts of many. The soldiers are all on fire for Christ, and we are believing we shall see souls plunging in the fountain soon.—The Howler.

God Honored Our Faith.

Greenspond.—On Sunday we had good meetings. God honored our faith by giving us one soul. We are not going to give in until we see Greenspond brought to God.—L. A. Shannons, Capt.

The Platform Is Crowded.

Moncton.—This corps is making rapid progress. The platform is crowded, many soldiers having to sit in the audience for want of room. Souls are seeking salvation in nearly every public meeting. Last week ten sought the Saviour. The Evangelistic Quartet gave us two special meetings

got beautifully saved. He tells us he was saved at one time, but had backslidden, and for the last fifteen years he has been dodging the Army in Newfoundland. When he came to this town he popped into the meeting one night, just to see what the Cape Breton Army was like. As soon as the Captain saw him he went for him, and after considerable praying, wrestling, pleading, and an extra lot of faith, he knelt at the feet of Jesus. He is now a new man altogether, a real blood-and-fire soldier. On Sunday he was enrolled. A sinner was saved on Saturday, and a backslider reclaimed on Sunday.—Treas.

A Volunteer.

Perth.—We have had a very special meeting led by Major Turner and our new District Officer, Ensign Bices. The Major sang a French solo, which delighted the crowd. He also did justice to his subject, which was "Conquest, Victory, and Reward." The Ensign soloed and gave us a short talk, referring to Perth as his training school, he having spent his Cadet days here. Capt. Wilson and Lieut. Foley, who are at present residing here, added to the interest of the meeting. Capt. Bloss and Lieut. Granger were intro-

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 9.)

THEN, AGAIN, WHAT IS THERE MORE PRECIOUS THAN A CHILD?

They are the instrumentalists upon our hearts' finest strings, and draw from them all the majesty and minors of life. It is their little fingers which weave the spirit's garlands, or work its shroud. It is into their little lives is poured earth's strongest of all loves—a mother's love. A whole world gives, unconditionally, its compassion and affection to the children—no one asks, "Are they worthy?" as with adults. If any calamity strikes a city, every strong heart, both bad and good, kind and unkind, cries, "Spare the children." They are the caskets of the fondest hopes, the highest ambitions, the strongest love, the richest blessing, the most passionate prayer that ever earth records or heaven recognizes. Who can estimate the wealth or worth caged in a little child? In the case of thousands the little soul starts out on the measureless tracks of an endless way with a whole army of forces behind it that can never die—the birth consecration, the cradle prayers, the mother's love. But is there any line by which we can fathom the depths of the ocean of God's love for them? We read how by personal word He healed the outstretched withered hand; how by the touch of His sacred finger, He made the blind to see; how He permitted the penitent sinner to drop her tears upon His feet, and with her long black tresses to dry them; how He sat down and ate with the despised and hated tax-gatherer—but the children, He gathered them into His arms, and nestled their heads upon His bosom, while He sealed all childhood sacred when His hands He laid on their heads.

THEY ARE SO HELPLESS.

And what should be more appealing to all that is best and strongest in us than the defencelessness of another? They have no voice to choose their lot; no power to resist the influences brought to bear upon them; no strength of heart or will to stand against the stream down which circumstance drift them. They cannot aid within their own resources the ability and decision which life demands. They cannot straighten out the crooked turns, or smooth the roughened places, or light their own lamp to guide them amid the many pitfalls laid for their young feet. Those which are not blessed at birth with a cradle with a prayer in it, or since birth with a home with a God in it, stand helpless amidst the tides of life's prevailing evil, and it is for us to press in between them and their adverse surroundings, as heavenly guides. We must not leave them alone to struggle with the early convictions of an awakening conscience. We must not leave them alone to define the rights and wrongs of the heart's many questions. We must not leave them alone to hunt out how real, and good, and near God is. We must not leave them alone to wash from their little souls the heavy pollutions cast on them by godless and wicked parents, for they cannot do it. The fight is too hard, the night is too dark, the waters are too tempest-beaten. They can but go under, for they are helpless.

Do you know a child whom you consider is a very wicked child? I say, throw a thousand excuses around his or her errings, for, if you hunt deep enough, you will find that a very whirlpool of currents have beaten

against that little soul, and work for its salvation with all the patience and love the Saviour asked Peter was he sure he had before He commanded him to see after the lambs.

You could scarcely call it a house—a truer name would be hut, or shed. It was of earth color, and entirely void of any uniformity of structure. There was a door in the middle, fastened by a latch which lifted or fell, according to the adjustment of a dirty piece of string which hung on the inside. There being no accounting for taste, one can never be sure what knowledge of good manners there may be hidden in the shabbiest abode, and so I thought I had better knock, and gave the wooden door a gentle tap. The dirty piece of string evidently performed its accustomed duty, for the door flew open. "Step in, ma'am," said the gentle voice of the small figure before me. Such a fair little face, such a wan, wee form, such bony little hands; the only big things about this little seven-year-old girl were the large violet eyes peering through the uncombed ringlets framing the pinched features. "Step in," she repeated, "step in, ma'am." And I did step in—right in, not only into the filthy, totally unfurnished room, but right into the dense darkness of the circumstances which cast their damning doom upon the helpless little soul before me. Stretched upon a crude floor lay a woman drunk. "She is my mother," said the child, volunteering the information. "Father did not come home last night. A boy in the street said he was taken to the lock-up for striking a policeman. Mother is drunk just now. She is nearly always drunk. When I see her wake up I shall run away, 'cos I am very frightened of mother when she's drunk. Sometimes she knocks me down." "Have you any brothers or sisters?" I asked. "No," was the quick reply. "I had one little sister once; she was a baby one; mother let her drop when she was drunk one day, and the doctor said it did something to her head that made her die. I was awfully sorry, 'cos I used to like to play with her and carry her about, and I am sure she liked me more better than mother, 'cos she held to my frock over so when mother came."

The frock referred to was composed of two large patches, one an old piece of dark brown serge, the other a bit of grey flannel, bearing a strong yellow hue, testifying to having undergone a process of severe scorching. The two were sewn together with white cotton, and tied on with string.

All the way home through that long dreary journey the little gentle face, with the large, appealing eyes, was before me, and the words, "Step in, ma'am," rang over and over with every revolution of the wheels. It came not only voiced by the thin tones of my late little friend, but up from a myriad circumstances akin to hers; from a myriad voices as pathetic; lifted from a myriad souls as hopeless—"Step in"—asking us to step in between them and their godless conditions; in between them and the dark shadows of midnight circumstances; in between them and threatening destruction of all classes and characters.

Looking away from this incident for a moment, I look into the eyes of the hundreds within our own ranks, whom God has called to leap into the breach, and who have faltered and help back by the consideration of some selfish gain, or the consciousness of some human weakness, and stretching out our hands of love and faith I catch your trembling one and would ask you, would persuade you, would entreat you to leap over every obstacle, and by the strength of Omnipotence, and the grace of Calvary, and the love of Christ Jesus, to turn your face towards this staring gap, and "Step in."

Echoes from the Women's Social Department.

Major Stewart paid a hurried visit to London, on business, a few days ago. The Major reports Adjt. McDonald and Staff pushing forward the interests of the Rescue Work. Adjt. McDonald has been having some necessary improvements in the Home; best of all, some of the girls are getting converted.

Mrs. Ensign Payne has been conducting meetings in some corps in the Eastern Province on behalf of the Halifax Rescue Home. She tells us of practical interest manifested by the people in the places visited, and of new Rescue League members enlisted.

We are moving our Rescue Home to Hamilton. Capt. Bell, the Major, has been obliged to purchase furniture for the new premises.

Three little ones, sent to one of our Homes by the city authorities, were so delighted with the room they were shown into that they kissed the furniture. The poor little darlings had never, in their slum home, seen any proper furniture in their short, sad lives.

From Newfoundland, Ensign Wood sends news of victory. She is plodding along faithfully in her little Home in the Island, and God is blessing her efforts.

Sergt-Major Mrs. Comstock, who has faithfully looked after our League of Mercy in Peterboro, has removed to the North-West. Mrs. Lloyd has taken her place, and, though she has two or three members in ill health, she writes full of hope for the future of the League of Mercy in Peterboro.

Adjutant Goodwin Farewells.

After a stay of fourteen months, Adj. Goodwin has said goodbye to the Lippincott soldiers and friends, to take charge of the corps of London.



Since the Adjutant has been in command of Lippincott, about eighty people have been converted, amongst the number being some great drunkards. In addition to this, some forty names have been added to the permanent roll, the crowds and finances have gone up splendidly, and the corps is in a very good condition for a prosperous summer's work.

On the farewell Sunday four sought Christ, and one a few nights before boldly volunteered to the penitent form, making five during the past week. The finances for the week-end were almost three times the usual amount, and much interest was shown by soldiers and friends. The Adjutant and her assistant, Capt. Parker, are earnest workers, and are always ready to do everything that lies in their power to help those in trouble or distress. Lippincott's loss will be London's gain.—Tress.

Winnipeg's S.-M. Farewells.

On Friday night a farewell tea was given to J. S. Sergt-Major and Mrs. Clark, who are leaving us for some part of the State of Michigan. They have acted as J. S. Sergt-Majors for

some time, and the Junior work under their direction has gone ahead by leaps and bounds, the attendance increasing from twenty-five to one hundred. They will not only be missed by the Juniors, but the whole corps, as they took a very active part in the general work of the corps, and many can testify to the great blessing they have been. They were presented with a suitable gift by the J. S. workers and comrades, as a token of their appreciation of their work in the corps. After tea a few short addresses were given. Brigadier and Mrs. Southall, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Phillips, and Adjutant Wakefield, in a few pointed words, expressed their regrets at losing one who had been of such help, and for whom they had the greatest respect. It was suggested by the Staff-Captain, and approved of by the Brigadier, that their names be kept on the Winnipeg roll, seeing there was no corps in the place to which they were going. May God bless them. At the night meeting Staff-Captain Phillips enrolled eighteen comrades under the flag.

On Sunday night the farewell meeting of the above comrades was conducted by Adjt. Wakefield. Many comrades testified to their godliness, expressed their sorrow at losing them, and wished them God-speed. Adjt. and Mrs. Wakefield and Ensign Smith spoke of them as always being ready to take part in the very hardest fight, having known them for over nine years.

Mrs. Clark, in saying goodbye, thanked the workers for their hearty co-operation, and for any measure of success they may have had she could only give the praise to God, and thank Him that He had used them as a means of blessing to someone else. In their new sphere they intended to look out for work, as she felt that wherever they went, God would find

them something to do in His vineyard. The Sergt-Major then read a few verses, and after a hard-fought prayer meeting, we rejoiced over three souls at the mercy-seat.—Outlooker.

NEWFOUNDLAND VICTORIES.

Our crowds and finances are up-to-date, and the fire is still burning in our souls. Last Friday we had an enrolment of eleven recruits.

On Easter Sunday we had a grand day. In the morning, at seven o'clock, forty-six met for knee-drill.

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Juniors took the platform for their annual review. At night we had a grand time. After singing and a few testimonies, Sergt-Major and Mrs. Barker, who, by the way, were the first couple married under the Army flag in Newfoundland, sang a beautiful solo. Mrs. Adjt. Fraser spoke from the words, "Peace be unto you." Conviction was stamped on many faces. The first one to surrender was a young man, who volunteered from the gallery to the mercy-seat. While we were singing "Whosoever will," they kept coming, until we counted twenty as the penitent form. It was a beautiful sight to see them weep out their sorrow to a merciful Saviour. After they all had the victory, we had a great rejoice, and amidst the dancing and shouting, others came until the penitent form was again lined with nine seekers. Glory to God! Twenty-two souls for the day! How the angels in heaven must have rejoiced.

During the past week three thousand two hundred and thirty-six people attended our meetings.—Cadet H. Connecke.

CECIL

A FE

The Editor of the War Cry that from my occasional with Mr. Rhodes, I must some slight knowledge of asked me to write my impression of the interest in his unexpected death may by a number of Salvationists complied with this wish. body knows, the deceased was a long way from being a tourist, and though he more contributed to our funds, I on behalf of our Social Wo-



Cecil Rhodes—His Last Africa.

Nevertheless, I regard him with considerable and his unexpected departure caused me much regret.

In the course of my many years I have been privileged to know many of the class of individuals who are said to be the moving force of the world, but very few of pale of Christian and philanthropists have impressed and me more than did Cecil Rhodes. His general character, his aims, and the methods pursued to realize them, those associated with him will be happy to speak of his life. Mine is a casual acquaintance, and I am sure that on which we were agreed which we were mutually I were few and far between. I were things on which I were in harmony, and had longer, and come to know there is very little doubt, I would have been glad to have some substantial in realizing them. Perhaps have been useful to him.

The First Meeting

The first time we met was on occasion of my first visit to Africa. Mr. Rhodes was then of Cape Colony. That was in 1891. Lord Loch, the Governor of the Colony, presided at a welcome to a meeting of the leaders of the city, after which Mr. Rhodes met me at the Parliament.

We understood one another and after some talk about general, in which I remember very highly of the climate of the Colony, we plunged into a discussion of my proposal for the foundation of the "Cape Colony." I then now, scanning the map of South Africa on the table, said: "Our objects, you say, are to set the world with the knowledge of God. My ruling purpose is to see the British Empire laying its finger on a great map showing the country which was then known as land, but which is now called his name, he went on to say part of South Africa would I can give you whatever I land you may require." I then parted with mutual respect. I am sure I was impressed with the strength and originality of his mind, and I think he thought I was not without some satisfaction.

CECIL RHODES.

A FEW PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY THE GENERAL.

The Editor of the War Cry, knowing that from my occasional intercourse with Mr. Rhodes, I must have had some slight knowledge of him, has asked me to write my impressions for the benefit of the readers of his paper. Feeling that the interest aroused by his unexpected death may be shared by a number of Salvationists, I have complied with his wish. As everybody knows, the deceased gentleman was a long way from being a Salvationist, and though he more than once contributed to our funds, it was only on behalf of our Social Work in South

practical appreciation of what I was striving to accomplish.

I had hoped to have met him again that afternoon. A few friends had been invited by Lord and Lady Loch to meet me at an "At Home" at Government House. Earl Carrington and I think the present Duke of Sutherland—both of whom had been fellow-passengers with me on the way out—were present. Mr. Rhodes, however, was absent, and I was disappointed. I felt that if I was to gain anything in the direction of my Colonization Scheme in South Africa, he was the man most likely to help me to bring it about.

The Second Meeting.

Years passed away. In 1895 I was once more in South Africa. My stay in Cape Town was very short, as I quickly passed on to Bloemfontein, Johannesburg, Durban, and other places up country. My public meetings in Cape Town had been arranged to come off on my return journey, and I had fully expected again to see Mr. Rhodes.

To my little disappointment, on my arrival I was informed with the greatest politeness that the Premier was not to be seen. I forged the exact reason given. I think it was his health; but when the day came that was fixed for the sailing of our steamer, I felt I could not leave Cape Town without an effort to secure a meeting. I, therefore, set about the business with some degree of determination, and finally had the satisfaction of finding him at Parliament Buildings.

Rhodes' Generous Offer.

I think he was pleased to see me. I do not remember much of what passed at what was to be a very interesting interview. Sir Gordon Sprigg (now Premier of Cape Colony) was present. I do recollect, however, that Mr. Rhodes renewed his offer of land in Rhodesia.

This country was much better known then when he first mentioned it to me. The unfortunate war with the natives, and the discovery of the precious metal in considerable quantities, and other interesting circumstances, had been made known to the world. "If," said Mr. Rhodes, "the gold turns out to be a success, the markets will be all right for the corn, and vegetables, and fruit which you and your colony will produce. And if you think the locality will be suitable, you had better send some capable officers to survey the country. They can select the district most likely to answer your purpose, and you shall have what land is necessary."

This offer Mr. Rhodes made in the most deliberate manner twice over. Of course, he knew what I wanted to do. I wanted the country for the people, and he wanted the people for the country. So far, we were one, perhaps not much further. But that was something.

As the interview closed, something was said by me bearing on his spiritual interests. In this, I regarded him as a man of the world, and I felt I must go wisely. To offend him would, I felt, destroy every opening for future usefulness with him. I forgot what I said, but it was something straight, personal, and it was understood by him at once. While he did not assent to my remarks by any passing pretensions of religion, he did not resent them, neither did he pass them off with anything like levity or indifference.

On the contrary, he was serious and thoughtful, and when I said I should pray for him, he responded, "Yes, that was good." Prayer, he considered, was useful, acting as a sort of time tallo, bringing before the mind the duties of the day, and putting one up to face the obligations for their discharge. I must say I very dimly apprehended his meaning at the time, but a little incident that occurred some years afterwards showed that my remarks made an indelible impression on his mind.

An Historic Journey.

Our next meeting was in England. In company with Lord Loch, he went

ed to see the Hadleigh Farm Colony, and an appointment was made for a visit. He especially desired that I should accompany him, and, of course, I gladly agreed. My son (the Chief of the Staff) was with us. We went down together, making a pleasant little party. Colonel Barker was on the train. Little did I anticipate that within three years' time three out of the five persons who comprised that company would have passed off the human stage of action—would have gone to their account. Lord Loch was the first to go, then Colonel Barker was called home, and now multitudes are regretting the death of Mr. Rhodes. Could I have been informed of the fact by some whispering spirit I might have filled up the few hours we spent together that day with far more direct reference to the things concerning God and eternity than was done.

As it was, we talked in that compartment of many matters of varying character of South Africa—the Rand, which he said had cost him dear; Olive Schreiner, of whom he said, "Yes, we used to be good friends, and now she writes me down." This remark, I feared, made visible the slightest shade of bitterness. Of course, Social Work, as it affected the poor in its different phases, was discussed.

After journeying down we lunched together and wandered over the Colony and discussed its principal features. Mr. Rhodes was interested in everything. Nothing struck me more than his acquiring spirit. "What is this?" and "What is it for?" and "How does it answer?" or "Who is this?" "Where does he come from?" "What is he doing?" "What are you going to do with him?" were the questions constantly on his lips, and to say that he was interested, in saying very little. The whole thing evidently took a strong hold of him, and I believe that all that day his mind was wandering off to Rhodesia, with wondering imaginations how he could transfer some of the people, and the skill, and the spirit that were all around him to that faraway land.

That night Colonel Barker, one of my most trusted officers, accompanied him to his hotel, where he again talked over the things he had seen, and assured the Colonel that he would see all the Social Work we had in the way of abolishing the selfish desire which would find everything else of the kind before he returned to Africa.

A day or two after there came a telegram calling him to the Cape, and then came the war, and Kimberley, and a host of other absorbing matters, and now the death skeleton has carried him out of our earthly sight for ever.—English "Cry."

HAVING OR USING POWER.

Getting and having are not the true measure of power and influence, or of enjoyment and satisfaction, in this world as it is. There are to-day, as there have been in all the days, men who are most successful in getting and holding money, yet who are less respected, less looked up to than many a digger and seller of potatoes, or journeyman carpenter, always ready to help when called for. Money is, in itself, no more a means of happiness or power than are wild blackberries; but the wise helping of one's fellows is, in itself, a means of both happiness and power. Which is your choice?

SUPPRESSING EVIL.

It is not safe to assume that we shall rid ourselves of evil tendencies by suppressing the means by which they show themselves. To abolish private property would not be to abolish the selfish desire which would find a vent in the love of money and its accumulation. It would merely compel the diversion of those desires into other channels, perhaps with greater suffering to those who become their victims. The axe must be laid at the foot of the tree to effect a lasting reform. The evil must be overmastered by bringing men's desires and thoughts into harmony with the laws of right and truth.

The foolish bark of truth because it is a stranger to them.

No one is nearer to heaven by belonging to the upper classes of society.



III.—THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

On the death of Maximilian, the Empire was coveted by three Kings, Henry VIII. of England, Francis I. of France, and Charles of Spain. Henry, however, on inquiry, found that he was better off in England than he would have been with the addition of the stormy Empire, and gave up all thoughts of offering himself; but Francis declared that he and Charles were both suitors for the same lady, and sent waggon-loads of treasure to decide her choice.

The Electors, however, wished to choose the good Frederick the Wise of Saxony, and would have done so but that he declared that the Emperor ought to have much larger lands of his own than his half of Saxony, in order to be able to protect the country from the Turks, and he also thought himself too old for such a charge. He therefore, led them to choose the late Kaiser's grandson, Charles of Hapsburg, Archduke of Austria, and lord of all the little fiefs that made up the Low Countries, as well as King of Spain, Naples, and Sicily, though his mother, the poor, crazy Juana, was still alive, watching her husband's coffin, in hopes that he would wake again.

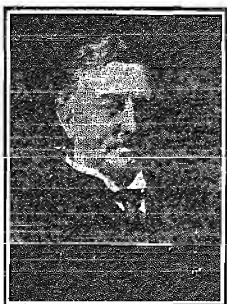
Charles had been born at Ghent with the century, and was only nineteen. His aunt Margaret had educated him at Brussels, and he was more of a Fleming than anything else. He was the exact contrary of his brilliant grandfather, grave, silent, thoughtful; very slow in making up his mind, but never changing his purpose when once decided. He was long in growing up, and had a sensitive, nervous timidity about him, which he only kept under by very strong self-control. He was a religious man, and anxious for the good of the church; and he set before him from the first two great works as the duty of the head of the Holy Roman Empire, namely, to hold a general council for the purifying of the church, and to have a crusade to drive back the Turks; but in both these he was hindered all through his reign by the jealousy of Francis I.

Luther wrote to him on the state of the church in strong and bitter words, and at the same time Pope Leo X. put forth a bull denouncing Luther's teaching, and commanding that if he did not recant within sixty days he should be sent to Rome and dealt with as a heretic. This bull was burnt by Luther and his scholars in the market place, at Wittenburg, all his friends refused to publish it, and he appealed from it to a general council of the church.

Charles called together a Diet, to meet at Worms, on the 6th of January, 1521, and invited Luther thither with a safe-conduct. It was feared that this might be no more heeded than the safe-conduct of Sigismund to Huss; but Luther declared he would go, though there should be as many devils at Worms as there were tiles on the roofs, and he came into the city in a wagon chanting Psalms.

The Diet was the largest that had ever met in Germany, for Luther's friends mustered there to protect him, and an old Captain of handshoots, George of Frundsberg, came and shook him by the hand, saying, "Little monk, thou art on a march, and charge such as we captains never saw in our bloodiest battles; but if thy cause be just, on in God's name. He will not forsake thee." Luther was asked whether he had written the books that were before the Diet. He said yes, and began to defend himself in Latin, and said, "This is not the man to make me a heretic." The Emperor thought a Diet was not the place for discussing religious matters, and so would only have him asked by the Chancellor whether he would recant, or run the risks of the law against heretics. Luther looked round, and said, "Here I am. I can't do otherwise. God help me. Amen."

(To be continued.)



Cecil Rhodes—His Last Picture.

Africa. Nevertheless, I must say I regard him with considerable interest, and his unexpected departure has caused me much regret.

In the course of my wanderings, I have been privileged to meet with many of the class of individuals who are said to be the moving spirits of the world, but very few outside the pale of Christian and philanthropic circles have impressed and interested me more than did Cecil Rhodes.

As his general character, objects in life, and the methods pursued in seeking to realize them, those closely associated with him will be better able to speak than myself. Mine was only a casual acquaintance, and the matters on which we were agreed, and in which we were mutually interested, were few and far between. Still, there were things on which I believe we were in harmony, and had he lived longer, and come to know us better, there is very little doubt, I fancy, but he would have been glad to have rendered me some substantial assistance in realizing them. Perhaps we might have been useful to him. Who can tell?

The First Meeting.

The first time we met was on the occasion of my first visit to South Africa. Mr. Rhodes was then Premier of Cape Colony. That was in the year 1891. Lord Loch, the Governor of the Colony, presided at a welcome given me at a meeting of the leading people of the city, after which Mr. Rhodes received me at the Parliament Buildings.

We understood one another at once, and after some talk about matters in general, in which I remember he spoke very highly of the climate of the Colony, we plunged into a discussion of my proposal for the founding of "An Over-the-Sea Colony." I think I see him now, scanning the large scale map of South Africa on the walls of his office. "Our objects, you see, differ," said he. "You are set on giving the world with the knowledge of the Gospel. My ruling purpose is the extension of the British Empire." Then, laying his finger on a great piece of the map showing the country, part of which was then known as Mashonaland, but which is now called by his name, he went on to say, "If this part of South Africa would suit you, I can give you whatever extent of land you may require."

We parted with mutual respect. I am sure I was impressed with the strength and originality of his personality, and I think he thought that I was not without some intelligent and

all the patience before he com-

would be but, or uniformity of structure which lifted a string which hung can never be sure in the shabbiest of the wooden door a med its accustomed voice of the small n, was torn, such a seven-year-old girl of ringlets framing ma'am." And I did rished room, but which cast their s. Stretched upon g," said the child, some last night. A r striking a police- sion drunk. When I glighted of mother "Have you any replr. "I had one her drop when she ng to her head that e to play with her e better than ma- mo."

atches, one an old flannel, hearing a process of severe cotton, and tied on

by the little gentle and the words, "Step in of the wheels. I little friend, but up myriad voices as Step in!" asking us in between them between them and

ook into the eyes s called to leap into the consideration of an weakness, and bling one and would ap over every ob- rance of Calvary, and his staring gap, and

n the Women's Department.

paid a hurried visit business, a few days reports Adit. Me f pushing forward the Rescue Work. Adit. been having some vements in the Home; s of the girls are get-

Payne has been con- s in some corps in the ce on behalf of the Home. She tells us of st manifested by the places visited, and of ge members enlisted.

g our Rescue Home in Ball, the Matron, has purchase furniture for es.

ones, sent to one of the city authorities, d with the room they o that they hired the poor. With darling hair chum home, see their in their short, and

ndland, Enslign Wood victory. She is plod- thrfully in her little aud, and God is bless-

Mrs. Comstock, who oled after our League xerboro, has removed. Mrs. Lloyd has a, and, though she has members in ill health, of hope for the future f Merry in Peterboro.



Boomer's Honor Roll and Competition Notes

The Eastern Looks well—Arab in better form—That indomitable Smecton Again—Brigadier Southall in a Fix—A One-Verse "Pome."

The Eastern Province has "out-did" itself! 122 is really noble.

Arab has not disappointed me after all. He comes out ahead of Nigger.

Poor Brigadier Southall! He'll be captured sure. Let us hope he won't be wounded. What an awful calamity that would be!

The name of Brigadier Smecton will, it is confidently expected, soon appear on the D. S. (Distinguished Service) List.

I wouldn't be at all surprised if Brigadier Smecton turned his command in the direction of Montreal. See what an easy capture he could make of the East Ontario Brigade this week.

The one bright thing about the C.O. P. is Lieut. Currell's achievement. The 300 mark is again in evidence.

The other leading hunters of the week are: Capt. Hockin, London (264), Capt. Long, Sydney (259), and Lieut. March, St. John I. (245).

Someone suggests that 122 Hustlers creates a new record. I'll have to look it up and see.

I hope Capt. Long and Ensign Gooding, of Skagway, won't arrive at the false conclusion that we have forgotten their Province. Oh, dear, no! We think a great deal of our Klondikers.

A word to boomers far and wide, Keep at it! When selling Crys don't be denied, Keep at it! There's lots of chance for you to rise, It doesn't matter what your size, Go in, and try to gain the prize—Keep at it!

Eastern Province. 122 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Sydney	259
Lieut. March, St. John I.	245
Sergt. Vainot, Halifax II.	242
Lieut. Thistle, Halifax I.	150
Ensign Thompson, Westville	150
Lieut. Lebars, Charlottetown	150
Capt. Fyne Somerset	135
Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I.	132
S. M. McQueen, Moncton	125
Sergt. J. Lidston, Glace Bay	125
Capt. Smith, Truro	115
Cand. McFadden, New Glasgow	114
Lieut. Whitto, Summerside	110
Cadet Newell, Carleton	105
Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	105
Capt. Clark, Hamilton	100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton	100
P. S. M. Cashin, Halifax I.	100
Sergt. Chambers, Calais	90
Capt. Taylor, Eastport	80
Capt. Prince, St. George's	75
Lieut. Holden, Halifax II.	75
Adjt. Byrne, Moncton	70
Mrs. Capt. Lorimer, N. Sydney	70
Mrs. Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow	70
Lieut. McLeod, Hamilton	70
Bro. White, Hamilton	70
Sergt. Tilt, Fredericton	70
Lieut. Murrough, Newcastle	70
Lieut. Parsons, Chatham	65
Cand. Thompson, Charlottetown	64
Ensign Allen, Woodstock	60
Capt. White, Sackville	60
Bro. Reid, St. John I.	60
Capt. Martin, St. Stephen	60
Mrs. Adjt. Orlinton, Charlottetown	60
Lieut. McDonald, St. Stephen	60
Sergt. Orain, Glace Bay	60

Lieut. Melkie, Springhill	60
Capt. Forsey, Liverpool	55
Lieut. Legge, Liverpool	55
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisbourg	50
S. M. Morrison, Glace Bay	50
Lieut. Tiller, Hillsboro	50
Capt. Lorimer, N. Sydney	50
Jennie Hardick, Windsor	50
Lieut. Braco, Annapolis	50
E. Pockwood, St. George's	50
Father Armstrong, St. John III.	50
Cadet Cavendish, Campbellton	48
Lieut. Riley, St. John II.	45
Capt. Hudson, St. John II.	45
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River	45
Cadet Elliott, Windsor	45
Lieut. Crossman, Canning	45
Sergt. Place, Hamilton	45
Capt. Wyatt, Kentville	42
Lieut. Murrough, Kentville	42
Capt. Cowan, St. John I.	40
May Turner, St. John V.	40
Ensign Knight, St. John III.	40
Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay	40
Lieut. Munro, Lunenburg	40
Lieut. Moore, Bridgewater	40
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	40
Capt. Miller, Chatham	40



Brigadier Southall—"Oh, dear! Here's my horse balking, and Brigadier Smecton is rushing my laager! He'll capture me, sure!"

P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown	39
James Kelly, St. George's	37
Capt. Lamont, St. John V.	35
Lieut. DeBow, Halifax I.	35
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth	35
Cadet Hughes, Moncton	35
Sergt. Burns, Summerside	35
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton	34
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton	32
Cadet Conrad, Stellarton	32
Lieut. Ogilvie, St. John V.	30
Capt. Bell, Freeport	30
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth	30
Sergt. Marshall, Digby	30
John Gibbons, St. George's	30
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton	30
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton	30
Lieut. Fawcett, Parrsboro	25
Sergt. Smith, Hamilton	25
Mrs. Lodge, Hamilton	25
P. S. M. Jones, St. John III.	25
Capt. B. Green, Doniblan	25
Mrs. Young, Lunenburg	25
M. Jones, Woodstock	25
Ensign Williams, Fredericton	25
A. Taylor, Truro	25
Mrs. Ensign Williams, Fredericton	25
Sergt. England, Chatham	25
Edw. Williams, Fredericton	25
Lieut. Weakly, Sackville	25
C. C. Godsoe, Fredericton	25
Capt. Ebbary, Digby	25
Lieut. White, Digby	25
Lieut. N. Kim, Halifax IV.	25
W. Jennings, St. George's	25
Cand. McEachern, St. John III.	23
Capt. Armstrong, Fairville	23
Capt. Landley, Campbellton	22

Lieut. Hamilton, Fairville	23
Capt. Richards, North Head	22
Capt. Graves, Freeport	22
Mrs. Lovely, Parrsboro	22
H. Jefferson, Annapolis	22
Mrs. Semple, Fredericton	20
J. Chase, Fredericton	20
B. Semple, Fredericton	20
Sergt. Bean, Southampton	20
Sergt. Brown, Bridgewater	20
M. Sykeman, Woodstock	20
Sergt. Taylor, Calais	20
Sister Blackburn, Westville	20
May Foster, Westville	20
E. Hunt, Bear River	20
J. Bridges, Sackville	20
Lieut. Vandine, Sydney Mines	20
Lieut. Nugent, Freeport	20

West Ontario Province.

32 Hustlers.	
Capt. Hockin, London	264
Capt. Cameron, Brantford	160
Capt. White, Ingersoll	138
P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock	115
Lieut. Himsley, Guelph	115
Mrs. Ensign Hoddinott, Windsor	110
Maggie Chatterton, Brantford	100
Lieut. West, Chatham	95
Capt. Carl, Sarnia	90
Sister Bert Thompson, Wallaceburg	90
Capt. Fyfe, Goderich	85
Lieut. Olus, Goderich	85
Capt. Williams, Clinton	80
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia	80
Sister Gooding, Galt	80

Sister Ferguson, Drayton	36
Mrs. M. Cutting, Essex	35
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston	35
Hannah Burns, Dresden	34
Sister Foubister, St. Thomas	34
Cadet Horwood, Stratford	32
Neille Langley, St. Thomas	32
Capt. Yeomans, St. Thomas	32
Capt. Coy, Leamington	30
Lottie Christian, Petrolia	30
Sister Howlett, Hespeler	30
Sister Britton, Stratford	30
Mary Wilson, Simcoe	29
Hunell Robinson, Windsor	28
Capt. Crawford, Simcoe	25
P. S. M. Virtue, Windsor	25
Sister Tivens, Stratford	25
Mrs. Slote, Woodstock	25
Ensign Howercraft, St. Thomas	25
Mabel Smith, Tilsonburg	25
Lillie Duckworth, Hespeler	24
Sister Leatner, Stratford	21
C. C. Thompson, Windsor	20
Bro. Musgrave, Wroxeter	20
Misther Broadwell, Kingsville	20
Rose Ellis, Dresden	20
Capt. Greenwood, Blenheim	20
Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas	20
Mrs. Hocking, St. Thomas	20
Mabel Clark, St. Thomas	20
Edith Blanchard, Paris	20

Central Ontario Province.

80 Hustlers.	
Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I.	300
P. S. M. Bowcock, Lippincott	152
Mrs. Jones, Huntsville	79
Capt. Crego, North Bay	70
P. S. M. Stacey, Temple	66
Capt. McCann, Yorkville	62
Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville	62
Sergt. Major Travis, Newmarket	60
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	60
Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	58
Ensign Stacey, Meaford	58
Lieut. Porter, Midland	58
Adjt. Walker, St. Catharines	50
Treas. Miller, Bracebridge	50
Capt. Culbert, Dundas	50
Capt. Stephens, Meaford	50
Lieut. Phillips, Meaford	50
Ensign Hyde, Riverside	50
Mrs. Capt. DeCoeq, Hamilton II.	50
Capt. Fisher, Owen Sound	49
Capt. Hart, Parry Sound	45
Lieut. Smith, Orillia	40
Capt. Bond, Sudbury	40
P. S. M. Stewart, Lisgar St.	40
S. M. Hinton, Oakville	40
Lizzie Bradley, Temple	40
Capt. Stolkier, Riverside	40
Bro. Scott, Riverside	40
Capt. Cornish, Riverside	40
Sergt. Hatter, Orillia	39
Capt. Stephens, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Jago, Sturgeon Falls	37
Lieut. Welsh, Orangeville	37
Capt. Kivell, Orangeville	37
Capt. Nelson, Feversham	35
Lieut. Crockett, Aurora	35
Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville	35
Lieut. Leppard, Bowmanville	35
C. C. Neille Richards, Lindsay	35
Lieut. Marshall, Brooklin	35
Mrs. Ensign Hanna, Collingwood	35
Sergt. Mrs. Kane, St. Catharines	30
Sergt. Mrs. Bro, Parry Sound	30
P. S. M. Bowen, Lisgar St.	30
Lieut. Wilson, Bracebridge	29
Capt. Wilson, Dundas	29
Sergt. McChesney, Collingwood	28
Capt. Brooks, Gravenhurst	28
Lieut. Gickells, Gravenhurst	27
Mrs. Stacey, Temple	27
Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood	26
P. S. M. Southwell, Huron St.	26
Capt. Culbert, Huron St.	26
Lieut. Quafe, Huron St.	26
C. C. Edie Cornell, Lindsay	26
Lieut. Williams, Kilmount	25
Capt. Carwardine, Chesley	25
Lieut. Lamb, Chesley	25
Lieut. Weeder, Burk's Falls	25
C. C. Gorow, Burk's Falls	25
Capt. Capper, Brantford	25
Lieut. Peacock, Brantford	25
Lieut. Crandell, Newmarket	25
Lieut. Griffith, Newmarket	25
John Smith, Midland	25
Capt. Clark, Sudbury	25
Sergt. Phillips, Lisgar St.	25
P. S. M. Boyer, Bracebridge	23
Sister A. Clark, Lippincott	21
Adjt. Sims, Lisgar St.	20
S. M. McFadden, Lisgar St.	20
C. C. Courtemanche, Norland	20
Mrs. Howell, Huntsville	20
Mrs. A. Joyce, Huntsville	20
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	20
Howard Proctor, Aurora	20
Sergt. Mrs. Stevens, St. Catharines	20
Harry Walker, St. Catharines	20

Newfoundland Province.

51 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Major Euseby, St. John I.	80
Cadet J. Butler, St. John's I.	68

Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John	
Nettle Rice, Grand Bank	
Lieut. Fisher, Twillingate	
Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Is.	
Etta Beaz, Grand Bank	
Sergt. Preston, Grand Bank	
Sergt. Mrs. Harris, St. John	
Lieut. Smith, Bay Roberts	
Mrs. Ensign Maccock, Bay R.	
Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I.	
Sergt. Evans, Hant's Harbo	
Mrs. Snooks, Carboneau	
Sergt. Major Riddout, Tilt Co	
Lieut. Matthews, Bonaville	
Jane Taylor, Carboneau	
Sergt. H. Stowbridge, St. Joh	
Lieut. Newbury, St. John's	
Cadet Metcal, St. John's II	
Jane Ash, Harbor Grace	
Sergt. B. Hutchings, St. Joh	
Cadet Loveless, St. John's II	
Lieut. Diamond, Clarendville	
Lieut. Shute, Clark's Beach	
Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach	
Sergt. Kearley, Burin	
J. S. S. M. Addy, Clarendville	
Lieut. LeDrew, Grand Bank	
Capt. Noel, Charlottetown	
Sergt. Bennett, Fortune	
Sergt. Morgan, Fortune	
Sergt. Crocker, Hant's Harbo	
Sergt. Hanchan, Musgraveville	
L. Newman, Scilly Cove	
Sergt. Carter, St. John's II	
Sergt. M. Blunden, St. John's	
S. M. Green, Arnold's Cove	
J. S. S. M. Seward, Hant's Harbo	
John Temple, Arnold's Cove	
Lieut. Wiltshire, Harbor Gra	
P. S. M. White, Loo Cove	
P. S. M. Harding, Greenspon	
Capt. Barry, Burin	
Adjt. Chapman, Little Bay N	
James Harlick, Gambo	
Capt. T. Sainsbury, Old Perlic	
Sergt. Eliso Abbott, Dotted	
Lieut. A. Skinner, Gambo	
Cand. Moulton, Burin	
Sergt. Collins, Gambo	

North-West Province.

48 Hustlers.	
Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg	
Lieut. Forsberg, Winnipeg	
Mrs. Mosser, Winnipeg	
Capt. Blodgett, Jamestown	
Capt. Babkirk, Medicine Hat	
Capt. Pearce, Moorhead	
Capt. Mercer, Port William	
Lieut. Papstein, Brandon	
Adjt. Dean, Jamestown	
Mrs. Wilkins, Grand Forks	
Cadet Miller, Grand Forks	
Ensign Hayes, Fargo	
Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary	
Lieut. Welsh, Winnipeg	
Ensign McLean, Port Arthur	
Capt. Glover, Moosemin	
Cadet Minear, Minot	
Mrs. Capt. Taylor, Portage	
Ensign Francis, Portage	
Lieut. Mansell, Emerson	
Lieut. Nuttall, Edmonton	
Sister Thompson, Edmonton	
Lieut. Cook, Carman	
Capt. Scott, Regina	
Capt. Kennin, Hiramack	
Capt. Barrager, Grafton	
Capt. Forsberg, Dauphin	
Capt. McKay, Fargo	
Lieut. Irwin, Carmar	
Ensign Green, Moosejaw	
Capt. Charlton, Devil's Lake	
Ensign Collett, Rat Portage	
Lieut. Willie, Prince Albert	
Capt. Livingstone, Neepawa	
Lieut. Oustler, Moose Jaw	
Willie King, Minnedosa	
Bro. McKurdy, Fargo	
Ad. E. Hayes, Leebridge	
Sergt. Montgomery, Winnipeg	
Sergt. Leadman, Winnipeg	
Lieut. Hunt, Souris	
Sergt. Mrs. Burrows, Morden	
Mrs. Bent, Calgary	
Capt. Myers, Prince Albert	
Capt. Swain, Selkirk	
Mrs. St. John, Minnedosa	
Capt. Meron, Laramore	
Lieut. Engdahl, Port William	

East Ontario Province.

41 Hustlers.	
Mrs. Dudley, Ottawa	
Capt. Woods, St. Albans	
Capt. Hickman, Picton	
Sergt. Iayano, Barre	
Lieut. Duncan, Brockville	
Sergt. Moore, Montreal I.	
Adjt. Moore, Peterboro	
Capt. Newell, Gananoque	
Capt. Thompson, Newport	
Ensign Hutt, Burlington	
Lieut. Owens, Pembroke	
Sergt. Rogers, Montreal	
Lieut. Greenalades, Trenton	
Capt. Green, Deseronto	
Capt. Fitcher, Kemptonville	

Lieut. Langley, Burlington 54
 Serg. Wadd, Burlington 54
 Capt. Ash, Odgensburg 50
 Lieut. Carpenter, Odgensburg 50
 S.-M. Rice, Montreal I. 50
 Sister Harbord, Ottawa 48
 Mrs. Moore, Ottawa 48
 Ensign Gammalden, Milbrook 42
 Mrs. Adjt. Cave, Barre 49
 Ensign Bloss, Ottawa 39
 Ensign Bradbury, Prescott 38
 Mrs. Barton, Prescott 38
 Lieut. Seward, Kemptville 35
 Mrs. Ensign Norwan, Tweed 30
 Sergt. Moon, Tweed 30
 Sergt. Morse, Newport 30
 Mrs. Wright, Montreal I. 30
 S.-M. Russell, Milbrook 29
 Sergt. Vaucour, Montreal I. 27
 Mrs. Adjt. Kendall, Arnprior 24
 Capt. Liddell, Arnprior 24
 Coad. Allan, Arnprior 24
 Lieut. Bryan, Arnprior 23
 Lieut. Seward, Kemptville 23
 Dad Duques, Trenton 20
 Sister Parks, Montreal I. 9

Pacific Province.

39 Hustlers.

Capt. Johnstone, Wheaton 123
 Mrs. Ensign Larder, Rossland 113
 W. Massey, Butte 110
 Capt. Walruth, Victoria 106
 Cadet McCormick, Victoria 103
 Cadet Lewis, Great Falls 100
 Mrs. Adjt. McGill, Vancouver 100
 Capt. Duthie, Vancouver 96
 Mother Hooker, Kallspell 90
 Capt. Chantell, Billings 90
 Lieut. Rowlands, Fernie 90
 Adjt. Stevens, Butte 90
 Capt. Darraoh, Everett 60
 Mrs. Mercer, New Westminster 54
 Capt. Heater, Everett 50
 Lieut. Johnson, Lewiston 50
 Hannah Knudson, Nelson 50
 Capt. Dales, Lewiston 50
 Mrs. Adjt. Ayres, Spokane 50
 Ensign Scott, Helena 48
 Lieut. Owen, Livingston 48
 Sister Keller, Spokane 48
 Capt. Chapman, Butte 48
 Capt. Quant, Livingston 40
 Mrs. Adjt. Nelson, New Westmin-
 ster 40
 Adjt. McGill, Vancouver 40
 Capt. Jackson 40
 Ensign May, Billings 27
 Sister Hilda Riley, Spokane 25
 Capt. Miller, Spokane 25
 Flora Pogue, Nelson 25
 Sept. Down, Revelstoke 25
 Mrs. Capt. Jones, Revelstoke 25
 Bro. Henderson, Great Falls 20
 Lieut. Cannon, Spokane 20
 Mrs. Adjt. Dodd, Spokane 20
 Adjt. Dodd, Spokane 20

Lieut. Basinsgugh, Salte, Spokane 20
 Bro. Sakak, Spokane 20

The Klondike.
 2 Hustlers.

Capt. Long, Skagway 168
 Ensign Gooding, Skagway 70

THE HYGIENE CLASS

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Apoplexy.—If a person falls sudden-ly, and is found breathing hard, with a full pulse, throbbing temples, and flushed face, he has apoplexy. Look for every constriction about the throat at once, loosen the head, secure fresh air, bare the chest, and pour cold water upon the head. See that the extremities are warm. Call a physician as soon as possible. Do not bleed, nor give brandy, ammonia, or other stimulant. Apoplectic convulsions are quite rare. They usually occur in sedentary people of full habit in ad-vanced life.

Fainting.—When a person faints, the heart nearly ceases its action, the action of the lungs is nearly or quite suspended, the face becomes pale, and partial or complete unconsciousness ensues. If the person has fallen, do not elevate the head, but be careful to keep it as low or lower than the rest of the body. If the patient is sitting in a chair, step behind him, grasp the chair at the sides, and carefully tip it back until the head touches the floor. This alone will suffice, in many cases. If the patient does not immedi-ately revive, loosen the clothing about the neck, chest, and abdomen; sprinkle cold water in the face; slap the sur-face of the body with the hand or a towel; apply ammonia, camphor, or other pungent odor to the nostrils; secure abundant cool, fresh air, and use artificial respiration. If the patient can swallow, give very hot or very cold drinks.

Apoplexy.—A person who is subject to syncope should lie down at once when he first feels faint.

Sleeplessness.—This greatly annoy-ing and exhausting symptom may be greatly relieved by attention to the following suggestions:—

1. Retire early, having taken, an hour or so previously, sufficient mus-cular exercise to induce slight weariness.
2. Eat nothing within four hours of bed-time. If "faint" at the stomach,

HEAVEN.

Rev. xli. 22.

Beyond life's surging billows, there lies a city fair,
 No sorrow and no sighing can ever enter there;
 Her walls are built of Jasper, her pavement of pure gold,
 Yet half that city's glories to man can never be told.

No poet or skilled painter can show its beauties rare,
 Where stands the tree of life, with clustering fruits so fair,
 Where fountains are always flowing and gates of pearl do stand,
 No jarring sounds are heard in that holy, happy land.

The Sun of Righteousness the light, neither dazzling nor dim,
 The gates are open day and night to let earth's warriors in;
 Besides the peerly gateways and streets of shining gold,
 There stands our dear Redeemer, whose love can never be told.

Oh, heaven without my Saviour no joy would bring to me,
 No other joy I covet, His grace is full and free.
 At home with God, my Father, with myriads above,
 With Christ, my Elder Brother, enjoying perfect love.

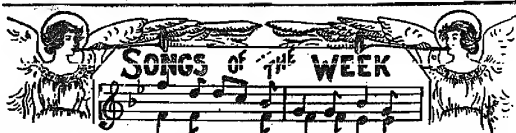
Family circles broken here will make the union sweet,
 With our loved ones gone before, when we together meet.
 Oh, joyful sound, oh, happy thought, Jesus lives to save!
 And all who come to Him everlasting life shall have.

When bowed down with cares of life, and troubles threaten assail,
 We must the blood, the crimson flood; Jesus cannot fail.
 A crown of life He's promised to those who faithful stand,
 And witness for His glory while marching through the land.

Oh, let us not be weary in doing well for Him:
 A victor's palm we'll bear where light can never grow dim;
 Then we'll reign above the skies with Christ for evermore,
 With harps of gold, joys untold, we will our King adore.

—ADON.

London, Ontario.....Adjutant M. A. R. Adams, 140 Albert Street.
Montreal.....Adjutant H. A. R. Adams, 140 Albert Street.
St. John, N. B.....Adjutant Holman, 25 St. James Street.
St. Paul, Minn.....Adjutant Lindsay, 243 St. Antoine Street.
Winnipeg.....Adjutant Langley, 151 Young Street.
St. John, N. S.....Sergeant Kerr, 75 Windsor Street.
St. John, N. B.....Sergeant Kerr, 75 Windsor Street.
Ottawa.....Adjutant Ward, 121 Dale Avenue.
Halifax.....Captain Bell, 65 Main Street.
Rural, Front.....Sergeant Ordie, 60 West Cooper Street.
Saskatoon.....Sgt. Capt. Job, 170 Chandler Street South.
Vancouver.....Sergeant Baker, 170 Chandler Street South.



ORIGINAL SALVATION SONGS.

LISTEN TO THE MESSAGE.

By ENSIGN M. COLLETT.

Tune.—Listen to her pleading.

O'er the dark world pealing
Comes a song of hope,
Mercy's strains are sounding,
Where the weary grope.
How those blessed echoes
Bid new hopes arise,
Pointing us to mansions
Waiting in the skies.

Chorus.

Listen to the message, chant it o'er
and o'er,
Blessed Gospel tidings for the rich and
poor,
"Why delay your coming?" Mercy
softly cries,
"There are angels watching, waiting
in the skies."

By the dawn of morning
See a cross-marked way,
Leading ever onward
To the gates of day;
Turn your footsteps thither,
Upward cast your eyes,
Jesus made the pathway
Leading to the skies.

There are walls of Jasper,
Streets of purest gold,
Crystal waters flowing
Through it, we are told;
Those who, for their Saviour,
Toll through smiles and sighs,
Shall rejoice for ever
Safely in the skies.

ALL FOR GOD.

By PTE. W. WILSON, South Africa.
Tune.—Better world (B.J. 11); We're
traveling home (M.B. 7); What's
the news? (B.J. 12).

2 Oh, comrades, fighting 'neath the
flag,
Live for God!
Oh, let us now His Spirit have,
Live for God!
May we get freed from every sin,
May we get freed from every sin,
And have the Holy Ghost within,
Live for God!

If conquerors we would be, we must
Live for God!
Oh, let us have more faith to trust,
Live for God!
Oh, let us go, no matter where
The path may lead, if rough or fair,
We're sure to win by faith and prayer,
Live for God!

Let us be filled with holy fire,
Fight for God!
And winning souls our heart's desire,
Fight for God!
Oh, let us keep the cross in sight,
And for our Saviour over fight,
And never fear to do the right,
Fight for God!

Oh, let us live, and fight, and die
All for God!
And let His service be our joy,
All for God!
Oh, let us now His will obey,
No matter what men think or say,
Oh, let us live from day to day
All for God!

HOLINESS.

By ANNIE H. READ, Bedford.
Tune.—Rockingham (B.R. 32); Mon-
mouth (B.J. 222).

3 Come, precious Lord, with holy
fire,
Within my soul Thy Spirit pour;
Let Calvary's love my life inspire,
That self may die to live no more.

My heart it pants Thy will to know,
To follow where Thy footsteps lead;
Then, loving Lord, on me bestow
Thy Sovereign grace for every need.

Where Thou dost lead I'll gladly go,
Thyself the Way, my Heavenly
Guide;
Henceforth no will hut Thine to know,
Since with Thee I am crucified.

HALLELUJAH!

Tune.—I'm glad to tell.
4 Some people object to this word
that we use—
Hallelujah!
If there's one of that kind here to-
night, just excuse,
Hallelujah!

Salvation brings joy to the heart from
the first,
Freeing men from the bondage by
which they are cursed,
If I couldn't shout out my poor heart
would burst,
Hallelujah!

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! I'm glad to
tell,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! with my
soul it is well.

If ever a comrade you meet on the
street,
Hallelujah!
'Tis the word with which we usually
greet,
Hallelujah!
And even the small boy we meet on
the way,
And the people with which we do busi-
ness each day,
They smile when they meet us, and
usually say—
Hallelujah!

If the carpenter misses the nail when
he strikes—
Hallelujah!

And bruises his finger—a thing no one
likes—
Hallelujah!
Instead of his cursing with might and
with main,
At the innocent object which causes
such pain,
He smiles, while his heart says again
and again,
Hallelujah!

And now let me tell you what meaneth
this word,
Hallelujah!
From those who live closest to God it
is heard,
Hallelujah!
'Tis Hebrew, and means, "Praise the
Lord!" so I'm told.
You will not enjoy it if spiritually
cold,
But now, if you have one, just shout it
out bold,
(Altogether) Hallelujah!

HAPPY IN JESUS.

By ENSIGN M. LOTT.

Tune.—I'm happy (B.B. 47); Whiter
than snow (B.J. 56); Abundantly
able to save.

6 I heard of a Saviour, I came and
found Him,
The peace that He gave me no
tongue can express,
His love filled my heart, and so happy
was I
That if I had wings I to heaven would
fly.

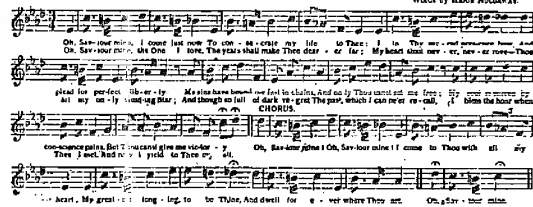
Chorus.—I'm happy, etc.

There's peace in His service the world
cannot give,
And now to His glory I'll evermore
live;
Yes, Jesus, my Saviour, is Master and
King,
And as I march upward I'll evermore
sing:

I'm happy in Jesus as onward I go,
Then shall I go back to the world?
Never, no!
I'll look to the Saviour for strength
that I need,
My title for heaven quite clear I can
read.

OH, SAVIOUR MINE!

Words by MARK HOLWAY.



THE COMMISSIONER'S WESTERN TOUR.

MISS BOOTH,

Accompanied by the RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS,

will visit

Spokane, Wash. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, April 25, 26, 27
Victoria, B.C. Wednesday, April 30
Vancouver, B.C. Thursday, May 1

FOR PARTICULARS SEE LOCAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Red Knights of the Cross

(BRIGADIER PUGMIRE IN COMMAND),

WILL CONDUCT SPECIAL MEETINGS AT

New Westminster Friday, May 2
Vancouver Saturday and Sunday, May 3, 4
New Whatcom Monday, May 5
Mt. Vernon Tuesday, May 6
Everett Wednesday, May 7

More appointments to follow. See local advertisements for particulars.

UNTIL HE COMETH.

Tune.—Stand up for Jesus (B.J. 23).

6 Until He cometh, Christians,
The conflict ne'er give o'er,
'Tis here the din of battle,
Then rest for evermore.
The foes around are many,
We trust not in our strength,
But in the arms of Jesus,
Who'll victory give at length.

Chorus.—The day of victory's coming.

We, when the foe oppresseth,
To Him for refuge fly,
His blessed words inspire us,
"I'll guide thee with Mine eye."
And when the conflict's over,
And passion's earth ceases to
bear "Well done!" from Jesus,
Will then our spirits cheer.

COME, YE SINNERS.

Tune.—Austria (B.J. 103); He is
bringing to His fold (B.J. 96).

7 Come, ye sinners, drifting down-
wards,
Weak and wounded, sick and
sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power!
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
A. the fitness He requireth
is to feel your need of Him;
This He gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous;
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Coming Events.

T. F. S. Appointments.

Adj. Perry.—Oakville, Sat. and Sun.,
May 3, 4; Hamilton II, May 5, 6; Dun-
dus, May 7; Hamilton I, May 8; St.
Catharines, May 10, 11.

Adj. Kenway.—St. Thomas, Thurs.,
April 24; Ridgetown, April 25, 26, 27;
Blenheim, April 28; Glenwood, April
29; Leamington, April 30; Windsor,
May 1, 2, 3, 4; Essex, May 5; Wood-
lawn, May 6; Bothwell, May 7, 8; Chat-
ham, May 9, 10, 11.

Ensign Piercy.—Salisbury, April 23;
Hillboro, April 24, 25; Sussex, April
26, 27; Charlton, April 29; St. John V.,
April 30; St. John III., May 1; St. John
II., May 2; Fairville, May 3, 4; St.
John I., May 6.

Ensign Stalger.—Olanston, April 23;
Grand Forks, April 24, 25; Devil's
Lake, April 26, 27; Minot, April 28, 29;
Larimore, April 30; Hannah, May 1, 2;
Morden, May 3, 4; Emerson, May 5;
Winnipeg, May 6; Carman, May 7, 8;
Winnipeg, May 9; Goshawk, May 10, 11;
Port Arthur, May 13; Fort William,
May 15, 16; Rat Portage, May 18, 19;
Winnipeg, May 20, 21.

LEGACIES.

Notice to Friends who are about to make
their wills, and desire to help the
work of the Salvation Army.

THE good intentions of some friends have been made known
to the officers of the Salvation Army in the following manner:
In the will of the late Wm. A. Smith, of the City of Toronto,
the following clause was inserted: "I bequeath to the Salvation Army
the sum of £100, to be used for the purpose of the purchase of
Bible, Tracts, and other religious literature, and for the support
of the work of the Salvation Army in the City of Toronto."
The officers of the Salvation Army in the City of Toronto have
been informed of this bequest, and are desirous to receive it, and
to use it for the purpose intended by the testator.

It is the duty of every friend who is about to make his will
to consider the needs of the poor, and to provide for them in
his will. The Salvation Army is a body of men and women who
are engaged in the work of saving souls, and who are in need
of funds to carry on their work. If you are about to make
your will, please consider the needs of the poor, and provide
for them in your will.

Directions for Execution of WILL.
The will must be executed by the Testator in the presence of
two witnesses, who must both be present together when he
executes it, and who must sign their names, addresses and
residences at the end of the will, and who must be of legal
age, and of sound mind, and who must be known to the
Testator, and who must be known to each other. The will
must be signed by the Testator, and must be signed in the
presence of the witnesses, and must be signed in the presence
of the officers of the Salvation Army in the City of Toronto.

The officers of the Salvation Army in the City of Toronto have
been informed of this bequest, and are desirous to receive it,
and to use it for the purpose intended by the testator. If you
are about to make your will, please consider the needs of the
poor, and provide for them in your will.



18th Year. No. 31.